

THE PACIFIC

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Be Strong.

“**B**E strong!

We are not here to play, to dream, to drift,
We have hard work to do, and loads to lift.
Shun not the struggle—face it; 'tis God's gift.

Be strong!

Say not the days are evil; who's to blame?
Nor fold the hands and acquiesce—oh, shame!
Stand up, speak out, and bravely, in God's name.

Be strong!

It matters not how deep intrenched the wrong,
How hard the battle goes, the day how long;
Faint not—fight on! Tomorrow comes the song.”

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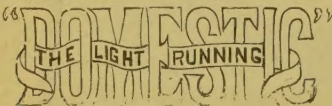
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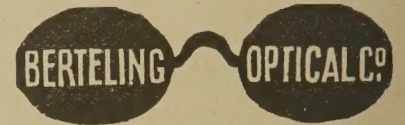
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THE PACIFIC

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Representative of the Congregational Churches of the Pacific Coast

San Francisco, Cal.

W. W. FERRIER, Editor.

Thursday, September 19, 1901.

Opportunities.

"See how, everywhere,
Love comforts, strengthens, helps,
And saves us all!
What opportunities of good befall,
To make life sweet and fair."



"Come to Help."

Two men who have done some of the best things for the city of New York are Jacob A. Riis and Theodore Roosevelt. The former tells in his autobiography, in *The Outlook*, of the beginning of his acquaintance with the latter. It was soon after the publication of his book, "How the Other Half Lives." Roosevelt sought him in the office of the *Evening Sun*, and not finding him, he left his card, writing on it that he had read the book and had "come to help." Roosevelt has always "come to help." As a young man he was no idler, as many young men of wealth are; he laid good foundations, secured an education and set about making himself a useful member of society. From the outset he has been honest, manly and courageous. As a member of the New York legislature he introduced many reform measures. As civil-service commissioner he improved national affairs by a strict adherence to the merit and capacity idea, and whereas there were only 14,000 places filled under such rules when he went in, there were 40,000 when he went out. It was a good record, and an honorable going-out when he resigned that position to accept the office of police commissioner under Mayor Strong in the city of New York. In August of last year Mr. Riis bore testimony to his helpfulness and effectiveness in that capacity as follows: "We needed to have the police made decent, and he pulled it out of the slough of blackmail it was in. It did not stay out, but that was not his fault. He showed that it could be done with honest purpose. While he was there it was decent; and, by the way, let me say right here that there is a much larger percentage of policemen than many imagine who look back to that time as the golden age of the department, when every man had a show on his merits, and whose votes are quietly cast on election day for the things 'Teddy' stands for. I have doubt if there is a man with a clean record in the whole eight thousand who would not welcome him back. The crooks are to be excused for hating him. They have cause."

Roosevelt hadn't been long in the Navy Department at Washington until it was evident that he had "come to help." There was newspaper criticism, and not a little talk here and there about his usual disposition to get up a row, when he asked for a million dollars for target practice. But the million was shot away, and more than a million, and when the inevitable row in the interests of an oppressed people came, the navy was prepared for it and soon thereafter our flag was waving triumphantly in Cuba, Porto Rico and the Philippines.

Being there to help, and having long talked in favor of intervention in Cuba, Roosevelt could not conscientiously remain in the rear as Assistant Secretary of the Navy, so he asked to be allowed to go to the front. Neither the President nor his chief, the Secretary of the Navy, wished him to go. But seeing his determination, it was arranged for Secretary Alger to offer him the command of one of the regiments being raised among the wild riders and riflemen of the great plains and mountains of the West. But Roosevelt had come to help. He was inexperienced in military work. He believed that he could learn to command the regiment in a month, but this month might mark the crisis in the conflict, and so he said to the Secretary that he would be quite content to go as lieutenant-colonel, if he would make his friend, Dr. Leonard Wood, the colonel. It was in this capacity that he led the charge at San Juan and distinguished himself as one of the bravest of the brave on the battlefield.

Soon after his return a devoted people tendered him the Republican nomination for Governor of New York, and he was triumphantly elected. Here again it was evident at once that he had "come to help." Many measures in the interests of the people were aided by him, and the people of New York point with pride to his administration as Governor. But it was well said of him last year, that although he had done much for the people in the laws enacted, he had also done much, perhaps more, in preventing unjust bills from becoming laws; that there was no person or municipality that had not felt his protecting care. Said the *Review of Reviews*, shortly after his nomination last year for the Vice-Presidency: "Pages might be written of the untiring hours of labor that he has spent in the executive department—in many instances long after other State officials have gone to their homes, planning and thinking as to methods to be performed, policies to be enacted, and lines of conduct to be fol-

lowed out. To the matter of appointments to the various boards and to various official positions he has given his most earnest and intelligent care. He has counseled alike with political Jews and political Gentiles, and those who had no political religion at all. He has done nothing hastily; to all matters he has given the most patient thought and careful examination. He has examined into every detail of the executive department; nothing has been too small for his personal attention."

Jacob A. Riis tells of his coming down from Albany to New York one day and doing what he doubted any other Governor that ever was would attempt. Certainly none ever has. It was a sweltering day, but duty seemed to demand that he make a tour of certain tenement houses to see how the factory law to prevent "sweating" was enforced. He did the duty, and it is said marked out a course for the factory inspector which would double the efficiency of his office and bring great relief to a hundred thousand tenement house workers.

As Vice-President there was no opportunity for Roosevelt to distinguish himself as a servant of the people. But in various ways, as a citizen, his good work went on.

Now that he has, in the death of President McKinley, ascended to the chief place in the nation, it is safe to say that he has "come to help." The past is an earnest of the future. Without any seeking on his part he became Vice-President. Without seeking he has come to the honorable and influential position which he now occupies. It was a kind providence that placed him on the ticket with William McKinley. The nation needs men who are ready and willing to help. Only such are wanted in the Presidential chair. When in every position in life men will say, as Theodore Roosevelt when he sought the New York Sun reporter, after reading his book, that they have "come to help," and will act accordingly, then will this old world move rapidly up toward God.

Yellow Journalism.

Wanton criticism of Presidents is no new thing. But only in these later years has it led to results so deplorable. Whether insane or an anarchist, there is unquestionably a connection between the shooting of William McKinley by Czolgosz and the defamations of the yellow journals. Says Dr. Allen McLane Hamilton, Professor of Mental Diseases in the medical college of Cornell University: "No one except a physician who sees much of insanity or persons whose mental condition is doubted, can appreciate the influence of the present distorted public sense of decency. This is manifested by a lawlessness which finds expression in some of the public prints and in the deliberations of societies instituted for the relief of the oppressed. This literature and these societies are usually a menace to law and order in putting into the heads of half-cracked people pernicious ideas which they almost immediately act upon." Dr. Hamilton says that there have come to his notice lately numerous cases of disturbed mental states which were due directly to such

influences. Only a few weeks ago a man went to him with a number of newspaper clippings of an incendiary nature; and, after showing them, announced his intention of killing several prominent persons, among them being J. Pierpont Morgan and Senator Hanna.

The Chicago Journal, in an editorial on "The Yellow Press and Anarchy," says: "If what Hearst's newspapers have said, printed and portrayed about President McKinley were true, he was not fit to live, much less to rule. * * * They could not have made more scandalous, more bitter or more degrading charges against the greatest scoundrel on earth." And John Most, the leader of the anarchists, says to the police as he repudiates Czolgosz: "You wish to make this man one of us. Why don't you read the New York Journal? Look at the caricatures on the last pages, where your President is portrayed in a way that would make even a bootblack ashamed."

What wonder, then, that Czolgosz should get it into his brain to put President McKinley out of the way, after reading the articles defaming him, either in the Hearst papers or in some other just as disreputable! It is with extreme sorrow that The Pacific sees the pernicious influence of such papers. It seems strange that a man of such life-long advantages as W. R. Hearst should give himself to that which is so generally regarded as one of the basest uses of talent and wealth. It is with astonishment that we compare what is said and printed in his papers since McKinley was stricken down with what was said and portrayed previous to that time. And all without any admission of previous mistake or injustice. In one of these papers it is said: "To William McKinley was intrusted the care of a nation, great, powerful, self-sufficient, free from dangers and turmoil. His duty was to guide the great machine honestly, cautiously, according to the will of the people. He did his duty and he died at his post. * * * His life was complete. The nation for which he worked he leaves powerful and prosperous. * * * He knew that in the land where millions had opposed and disagreed with him politically, not one was free from deep sorrow, not one but felt the national calamity as a personal loss."

But as we read there is constantly before the eyes that printed cartoon in which McKinley is pictured as applauding the trusts which are represented as riding down, in an automobile, the common people.

In the presence of such journalism The Pacific can not remain silent. We dare not let it pass unnoticed and unrebuked. The San Francisco Call and The Bulletin have spoken plainly, but these are daily rivals of one of Hearst's papers, and as such their utterances might be discounted in some circles. The readers of The Pacific will not question our motive nor discount what we say. The present writer, recognizing the great influence of the press, devoted himself at the close of his college life twenty years ago to journalism. We have no less an estimate today of that influence. It molds thought and life far more than most people are aware; and we tremble for the welfare of the nation when we think of some

of the hands into which it has fallen. We were glad to read in the newspapers of this city extracts from recent sermons by ministers, denouncing yellow journalism, but not one named any paper as such, and it is a singular fact that some of those denunciations were printed in the very paper at which they were hurled. It would seem that there are publishers whose moral judgments are so conditioned that they are unaware of the fact that they are issuing such pernicious papers. Or else, in the hour when the thunder and lightning of wrath is playing, they seek by the publication of the denunciatory utterances to protect themselves from its strokes.

Let us hope that in this experience yellow journalism may receive a lesson which will tend to its profit and purification.

Two Favorite Hymns.

The hymn, "Nearer, my God, to Thee," has long been a favorite one among Christian people. It always stands well up in lists of favorite hymns. Inasmuch as a stanza of the hymn was chanted by President McKinley in his dying hours, it is being sung this week throughout the land as never before. All this will add to the popularity of the hymn, and ever hereafter when it is sung will come to many minds a recollection of the fact, that it was so precious to the dying statesman as to be among the last words on his lips. From the death-bed of President McKinley this old hymn goes forth with added power to bless the world.

"Though like the wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone;
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!"

Garfield's death made famous the hymn, "Ho! Reapers of Life's Harvest." It was not widely known previous to that time. Certainly not so great a favorite as it has been since then. It was dear to all who had come in contact with Garfield at the old Eclectic Institute in the village of Hiram, Ohio. He would call for it day after day at the chapel exercises, the words seeming "to breathe his own sense of the richness of life's opportunities and the joyful abandon with which he entered into its duties." When some of his old friends suggested to the chairman of the committee on music that the hymn be sung on the occasion of the funeral services in Cleveland, the chairman said that he had never heard of it. Copies were found, the hymn was sung. A few weeks later the chairman of the music committee said: "The classical music rendered on the occasion of Garfield's funeral was forgotten almost as soon as its notes died away, but his favorite hymn, sung by him among his students long ago, was telegraphed from coast to coast, and is now famous around the world!"

"The Master calls for reapers—
And shall he call in vain?
Shall sheaves lie there ungathered
And wasted on the plain?"

"Mount up the height of wisdom
— And crush each error low;
Keep back no words of knowledge
That human hearts should know."

Out of the nation's bereavement and sorrow God is sure to bring good. In his mercy he will overrule for good. The virtues of the life of the dead President cannot be dwelt upon in the public press, in the pulpit and on the platform, as they are this week, and this people fail to be impressed as never before with the thought that "Godliness is profitable unto all things," that it has "the promise of the life which now is as well as that which is to come." William McKinley would not have been enshrined in the hearts of the people as he is today if his life had not been shaped by the teachings of Him who came to give life more abundant. As we contemplate his career, as we go over those last hours in the sick room at Buffalo, there come calls to each one of us to better living. As with him in his last hours, let our aspirations be—

"Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me;
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!"

The true manhood of President Roosevelt stands out grandly in his statement that he is no longer a candidate for the Presidential nomination in 1904. He speaks wisely when he says: "If I fail in my present duties I cannot hope for future honors. I will fail if I give thought to anything but the demands now made upon me." For the best interests of the nation, there are too many men in office now who are filling those offices in such a manner as, in their judgment, will make them safe for another term. A man in public office has no right to think of and plan for another term. He should think only of the demands and duties of the present. We are of opinion that President Roosevelt will get another term. Certainly he will be deserving of it if he goes on in his political career as ably and as unselfishly as he has in the past.

At a time when anarchy has taken from us our beloved President, William McKinley, and when here and there throughout the land men and women of that ilk are refraining from uniting in the expressions of sorrow so general, it behooves those who are in authority in San Francisco to see to it that men who want to work are protected in their right to work and in their attempts to work. While men are being pounded into insensibility every day in San Francisco, it cannot be said that there is any adequate protection here.

The Pacific is not receiving what it ought to receive on subscription. Please watch those labels and act accordingly.

The Bystander.

The Bystander has been very much impressed by the expressions of sorrow over President McKinley. He stood among a crowd of men on the street, watching the bulletin boards when the news came telling of the President's death. It was then he felt the real pulse of the people. The "man on the street," as they say in London, had something to say. It was not always said in the purest language—often with a curse hissed from between the teeth—but it meant a public opinion, which, after all, is the power behind the throne.

Bad Taste at Buffalo.

The Bystander was somewhat surprised that a man like Rev. Dr. Locke should so far forget himself as to send a description over the "longest leased wire in the world" of the ceremonies at the Milburn House on Sunday morning. He described the chief mourners and paid a tribute to the dead President. He might have paid his respects incidentally to the yellow press. It certainly was a breach of propriety to thus open the doors of private grief and permit the curious world to look in. A minister has no more right to do that over "the longest leased wire in the world" than a physician has. The sanctity and sacredness of that hour should not have been marred by any such desire to get before the public, and The Bystander thinks Dr. Locke did himself no credit by talking to the papers at this particular time and in this particular manner. The sensational papers have a habit of getting opinions about how one feels under such and such circumstances. It makes interesting reading to be informed of one's feelings when he goes up in a balloon, or dives from a wreck, or shoots a bear. It is therefore proper, according to these papers, for a minister to tell how he feels when conducting the funeral of the President of the United States. Good taste is the fundamental quality of a pastor, and "the longest leased wire in the world" should not destroy it. Imagine Bishop Brooks making such a blunder.

Genuine Sorrow.

President McKinley is genuinely mourned as a man, a citizen, and a President. The sorrow is real. No President was more sincerely loved during his life than McKinley. Now that he is gone this feeling finds expression in unmistakable signs of grief.

There is a feeling of confidence shared by all classes in the community in President Roosevelt. He is so characteristically American, so thoroughly manly, and so genuinely popular, that he is at once the master of the situation.

The country is to be congratulated upon having as the successor to President McKinley, Theodore Roosevelt, and it is the duty of all men at this hour to stand by President Roosevelt as he holds the helm of the ship of State, now riding on the billows of public wrath, mingled with sorrow.

Personal Recollections.

Now that the end has come we who knew the President even slightly recall the charming personality, the noble face and the magnetism of the man. The Bystander met the President under circumstances of peculiar interest. Having said something upon his domestic life and paid a tribute to Mrs. McKinley at a time when she was lying at death's door, the President requested an opportunity to express his appreciation. The Bystander will not soon forget the tenderness with which the President took his hand and spoke about his home life, his ad-

ministration and his great people. The Bystander could only say, as he looked into those eyes, swimming in tears, "God bless you, President McKinley."

As a Speaker.

President McKinley was a model speaker, not an orator, but a talker—"a good man speaking well." His words were apparently coined on his feet. Deliberation, earnestness, sincerity and common sense characterized his utterances. He never wasted words. His language was concise and clean. He commanded attention. He never said the wrong word. He had rare tact. His speeches during his tour were models of excellence. They served to unite the North and South. Every sentence was a floral wreath upon the grave of the buried hatchet.

The Anarchist and the Light.

W. N. Burr.

Good people may differ in their conception of the anarchist—who he is, and what has produced him. Some, no doubt, conceive of all humanity as weak and immature, and so in more or less of darkness, but all struggling for light. They see the whole human race as Tennyson saw it—

"An infant crying in the night,
An infant crying for the light,
And with no language but a cry."

And to them the anarchist of the Czolgosz type will appear as one among the light-seekers who has gone mad and is plunging into deeper darkness. Others will find it hard to think of the anarchist as a light-seeker at all, even a crazy one. To them he will be a creature possessed of the devil, hardly human because so inhuman, and anything but a light-seeker.

But whether he be a light-seeker gone mad, or an unregenerate son of Satan who is simply Satanic and nothing else, he furnishes a background against which to flash the light. He thinks he has light—ah, then, that settles it; for in that case he is a light-seeker with the rest of us, after all, though his brain be so twisted that gross darkness appears to him as light. He is a mistaken light-seeker.

But he is not the only one. The Word was made flesh and dwelt among us. In Him is life, and that life is the light of men. And the light shineth in the darkness, and the darkness comprehendeth it not. Here is the true light, which lighteth every man that cometh into the world, and the world was made by him, and the world knows him not. He comes unto his own, and his own receive him not. But as many as do receive him, to them he gives power to know the truth, to understand the deeper ways of human brotherhood, to come into right relations with God and fellow-man.

When men have learned to fix their eyes on the Great Teacher and Divine Savior as the Light of the World; when they have indeed learned that in *Him* is life, and that that *life* is the light of men, then we shall have no more red-handed anarchy bringing forth such royal victims as the one for whom our hearts are full as I write these words. And we must help as we can, each Christian in his place, be it a high or an obscure place, to teach men to put the emphasis where he hath made man put it. Searching for the light from the view-point of the All-Father, we find it in the Lamb of God, who taketh away the sin of the world; and that man only steps into the light who knows something of what the great apostle meant when he wrote: "For me to live is Christ."

Acorns from Three Oaks.

Aloha.

The Pessimistic View.

What a fool a man is to leave a comfortable home and a clean bed for the hard miseries of a dirty camp. Ashes make poor pepper for "spuds" and black and burned dough are not in it with good baker's bread. How hay, moss and fir boughs can mat down until they are hard as the ground. The romance of chasing wild deer through the burnt forests of the northwest is surely overdrawn. He who grabs "devils war clubs" as he falls from a slippery fir will carry the wounds on his hands until his dying day unless a surgeon comes quickly to his relief. Talk about babbling springs when two dogs find them first and wade in before you! Bah! And then the nocturnal delights of freezing one side of you and baking the other while you take your turn stirring up the camp-fire to keep off the cougar and the cold. Ugh! one shivers at the memory of it. It is very fatiguing to clamber down a brook bed at the rate of a mile an hour where fire, torrents and winds have been playing at jackstraws with giant firs and lodged them in massive heaps, some of them sixty feet in air, where you must cross on a "Devil's Step-ladder" or leave your party and cut across the wilderness, among the bears. Your hunting shoes come to feel as if they each had five pounds of nails in them. If you think it's fun to climb a mountain again and again to pack bear meat to feed hungry dogs, because fine flour is too scarce and costly, where a horse cannot carry it, try it. Isn't the best part of going into the woods getting out of them? Why will a sentient being feast on red whortleberries, blackberries, raspberries, sollal berries, Oregon grapes and salmon berries, and fill himself for weeks with them when for ten cents he can buy of the gentlemanly fruit man on the Pullman twenty-five Muscat grapes of the new crop?

Bruin Has His Say.

I was picking up a precarious living on a burnt mountain when I was suddenly invited into "Camp Sweet Dreams." As quick as "Aloha" could write his name his old Winchester summoned me where good bears go. Three smiling and jubilant men rejoiced over me and you would have been sure they were members of the Humane Society by the way they pulled Jack and Rex off my nose and back. I think the bull-dog was a little vexed that I did not fight him harder, but the truth is, I had no heart to. They pronounced me as sweet as any pork, and as my deer predecessor was all consumed I was for a week the life and stay of the camp. No cougar will ever jump on me. My mother will never "swat" me to hurry me up a tree with the alarm that Scudder and his boys are coming. I've got beyond her and shall not have to fight my way to the head of the pack. I shall not have to "hole up" this winter when it gets cold. My word for it, my pain on it. I'm riding just now on an S. P. Pullman. Not every Northern bear attracts so much attention. Some of the "first families" of Washington have felt the fur of my attraction and I have been "kodaked." I can hardly wait for my glass eyes to see how I look. If you will excuse a bear joke I'm on my way to such ursine immortality as Ferrier, an old Port Townsend neighbor of mine, can give me in *The Pacific*. Then Furrier will ply his arts on me and with a bran new tongue of red flannel and a lining of the same, I will rest on my four paws by the fire-place at "Three Oaks." If you don't believe me, ask "Rex." My tail is short.

As an Optimist Sees It.

That is a good vacation which gives a man an inspiring and restful change. If sleeping in a mining camp, among generous and hearty miners and prospectors, and clambering over the Olympic does not promise that, what will? I commend to every tenderfoot, to every Californian whether of hunter aspiration or not, a day's trial at least of a mountain trail, where all provision must be packed on human shoulders. If you begin carefully, and have steel nails put into the soles of a pair of old strong shoes, you will be surprised at your gain of confidence in even a few hours. If you give days to it your muscles will harden like iron. If you pick up a deer and do your share of "packing" him into camp, you will be compelled to walk steadily; you will shout and—you will sweat. There's grace in good perspiration. Brother Snider's account of Alaska fires a hunter's heart, but let me put in a word for the Olympics—so much nearer home. It costs twenty-one dollars tax to shoot an elk, and I didn't see a head worth that much. I haven't lost any elk this year any how, but if you want my services as a guide next year, at an ample compensation, speak early. Now that elks are put at a premium their reckless slaughter will cease and their high habitat and monster forests will long preserve them. Mr. George Blanchard of Hadlock, Jefferson county, Washington, is a born woodsman and has been my strong, pleasant and unselfish companion on one of the pleasantest jaunts of my life. He has kept our camp in ample supply of grouse and pheasant.

Mr. Reuben Reid of Quilicene, Jefferson county, and his brother, A. M. Reid, have done me many kindnesses. May their mine be a real bonanza. It was Mr. A. P. Crandie's lucky shot gave us the bear. There was not time to pass the rifle to me. It will be an exciting moment when you face a bear with a knife as I did. Tell me the truth about it, as I have you, when you spin me your vacation yarn.

P o n t e r s

The days are warm in the Olympics, but the nights cold. The hunter, sleeping out, needs a sleeping bag. In that form bedding need not be heavy. Blankets roll off. Our party were chilled out of the woods. Fatigue, hunger, grime, wild trails, unbeaten brush, cannot discourage as cold can. How strange it seems to be writing of cold in the heat of the Sacramento Valley.

This outing has proved the worth of saccharine as a camp provision for sweetness. A small bottle was taken as an experiment and by medical advice as a substitute for cane sugar. Our cane sugar was forgotten for our highest climbing trip and a half-ounce of saccharine more than met our wants. N. B.—You can carry the equivalent of twenty-five pounds of sugar in your vest pocket. Grace sweetens camp-fire. One feels near God when fed in the far wilderness. To have spoken the word of life twice by invitation in the pleasant school-house at Cheinacum is a worthy memory. God bless the young saints responsible for a new Sunday-school there!

A trout line and a shot-gun are desirable accompaniments in an Olympic camp. Deer and bear do not run in bands like sheep. Grouse, rabbits, squirrels, cranes are desirable additions to a camp menu.

Don't forget a light and easy pair of camp-shoes; it pays to "back" them. Well shod hunting shoes, yet heavy. The verdict of the miners was that the hunters whole-wheat flour was sweeter and stronger than their fine flour.

Bacon grease is good but butter is better. Bear fat is camp luxury.

The Good Name Will Live.

It was indeed a pleasure to meet Dr. Scudder and family of India at his brother's in Seattle. Busy to the last in his well-earned vacation, he speaks three times in two days and receives a complimentary reception from the ladies of the University church. At the family altar of W. W. Scudder nine great-grandchildren of the original India Scudder sang and knelt. Six were boys who promise to honor the noble name. The new Superintendent is a flame of zeal and joy. Would it be strange if Mrs. Scudder missed the good fellowship and neighborliness of Alameda. Doctor Scudder sails for India on the 17th.

The Beloved President.

The sad report comes with our train of the relapse of the beloved chief magistrate. As God will. From the statesman's point of view it is not a bad time for him to go, for, could man stand higher in the esteem of his fellows? How well the Vice-President has behaved! He has sand and sense. God bless him! Like the humble workman with whom the Vice-President shook hands so heartily, we can make our standing by the rulers. God gives us part of our standing by the Son of God Himself and that throne which is the world's support and hope.

The Dispensary—Again.

By C. G. B.

My communication in The Pacific of August 29th, dealing with the general desirability of the Dispensary system, has elicited some letters of commendation from representative persons. In one case the suggestion was made that another article be written for The Pacific, briefly outlining the plan, on the ground that many may not be sufficiently familiar with this method of handling the liquor traffic.

To state it briefly, the system opens, in towns of ordinary size, one place where liquor of all kinds is sold in original packages of not less than one-half pints. The liquors are subjected to strict analysis as to purity. The agent must be a man who does not drink and has no direct or indirect interest in the liquor business. He receives a salary without reference to amount handled. He must not sell to any but adults who are sober at the time, and the order is written in an official sales-book, open to public inspection with kind and amount purchased. No liquor to be drunk upon the premises. All sales for cash and all the profits to go into the public funds in lieu of license money. The place is open from sun to sun except upon Sunday and upon election and other holidays. No seats are provided.

In larger places, for convenience, two or more are opened in various sections of the city. All prescriptions are filled at such places, and the law against drug stores handling liquor is, in many cases, very stringent and easily enforced. All illegal places of sale die under this system, as no one needs to purchase secretly.

In this State no act of the Legislature is necessary. Any city council may pass an ordinance providing for this method, instead of the ordinary license system. A city council might be induced to formulate such an ordinance and submit it to popular vote, with agreement to enact it if it secured a majority of all the votes cast. Or a council might be elected, pledged to enact such an ordinance if elected. One thing is certain: the constitution of California relegates this whole matter to the town and the county authorities. By the late decision on the County Government act these representatives, and not the people, enact the laws; and the whole matter of the

control of the sale of liquor has been sufficiently passed upon by our Supreme Court already.

We are now ready to push this plan to close the saloons, if we like the plan.

The hope lies in the fact that in many cities there is no hope of prohibiting all sale of liquor. The illegal sale would be very large and wholly demoralizing, and result in loss of revenue and final appeal as has been the case very recently. This method naturally and easily prevents illegal sale and results in absolute control and in good revenue.

Starting, in this country, in the town of Athens, Ga., it has attained its largest success in the State of South Carolina, and considerable success in North Carolina. In the latter State special legislation was required for every town. In South Carolina State legislation was possible under the constitution.

A very interesting case, of which we have some detail, was Fayetteville, North Carolina. The act of the Legislature covered the county. The town of Fayetteville had twelve saloons, and in the town and the county were nineteen distilleries. These saloons were closed at once and the distilleries died promptly. Sales of liquor were reduced from \$60,000 per annum to \$20,000, and the revenue was twice as large as from the license fees.

They there found that temperance men of all descriptions could be united for the Dispensary and that saloon men fought it far more fiercely than Prohibition itself.

There are many who feel as one of the police commissioners of Los Angeles some time ago said to me: "I am not a total abstainer, but I hate the saloon as a treating place. I would go in for anything that would prevent it." And then he spoke most feelingly of the evil of treating, as he had seen it illustrated in the most noted member of his own party in Southern California—a man who undoubtedly owes his death to this treating habit.

This method is not designed to take the place of Prohibition in places where it can be passed and reasonably enforced, but is recommended for places where no considerable number believe that prohibition is possible. Between the pushing of both methods for four years, every saloon in California ought to be put out, as is true now in South Carolina, where less than one hundred dispensaries do all the business for the State.

Palo Alto, Sept. 6, 1901.

"Speed the Parting Guests."

It was a happy company of Chinese which gathered in the San Francisco Congregational Mission chapel on Wednesday evening, September 11th, the occasion being a reception to Rev. and Mrs. Nelson, who, for eight years, have been missionaries in Southern China, and are joyfully returning to their field there after a short visit to America.

Whatever may be true of missionaries in general, of Mr. and Mrs. Nelson it is very evident that they are the right ones in the right place. "By their fruits shall ye know them"; and some of the fruits of their life in China are shown in their "unfeigned love of the brethren." The Chinese are sensitive to a degree, and quickly discern between spontaneous and perfunctory interest in their religious life, or in them as part of the brotherhood of man. A number of the men in the California Mission learned their first lessons in "the way of life" from Mr. Nelson, before coming to America; and a sweet-faced resident of the Home at 21 Brenham Place was one of

Mrs. Nelson's "girls," before she was married. It was a surprise, indeed, to the men of the mission here, when the pastor called upon her to speak at their Christian Endeavor meeting; but she had been carefully instructed, and the helpful and intelligent way in which she responded won their respectful attention and interest at once. It is the first instance in any of the missions of San Francisco, of a Chinese woman taking such a part in a public meeting. When Mr. Nelson said, "We are glad to be here," the quick response was, "You are not as glad as we are"; and when at the close they sang, in Chinese, "God Be with You Till We Meet Again," it came from their hearts.

Mr. Nelson bore grateful testimony to the helpfulness of the California Mission in opening for them doors into new fields in China. The work in China, supported by the California Congregational Chinese Mission, under the leadership of Rev. Joe Jet, is also often encouraged and helped by the cordial sympathy and wise counsels of Mr. and Mrs. Nelson.

One of the pleasant things of the evening was the placing in the hand of Mr. Nelson, by Dr. Pond, of a draft for about \$263, contributed by the Chinese brethren toward his training school work for men. They did it as an expression of their appreciation of the value of that work, as shown in its results.

A report of the Chinese Women's Foreign Mission Society was also read. This society contributes regularly to the support of Bible readers trained by Mrs. Nelson. While in the East Mr. Nelson received gifts amounting to \$7,000, to be used in erecting adequate buildings for their work in Canton. The impossibility of securing such buildings heretofore, Mr. Nelson counted the only real hardship of their eight years' experience in China.

They will now have a chapel, and a home and school for girls, so arranged that the latter may pass from one to the other without being seen and subjected to jeers of men upon the street—a great desideratum.

It was entertaining to the American friends present to hear Mr. and Mrs. Nelson talking as fluently in Chinese as though it were their native tongue; but the feeling deepened to tender interest as we watched the intent faces and changing expression of the Chinese men and women, and even little children. An effort had been made to get a large attendance of women and children. To these, Mrs. A. P. Peck also tenderly spoke. With some, it was probably their first experience at a meeting addressed in their own language by Americans; and the unaffected happiness expressed in their faces, as well as the earnest words in which they spoke of their motives in becoming missionaries, their efforts to help on the work even while at home, and the gladness of their return to China, must have impressed even the most indifferent with the power of the "Jesus religion," of which they spoke.

Are we of the California churches, by our acts, conveying a like impression of the power and excellency of Christ? Ask Dr. Pond for the report which the treasury of the Chinese Mission makes to this inquiry. It would be a joyful experience to him to feel that the only hindrances to his work came from the Chinese side. It is the lack of practical interest as expressed in contributions which forms his most crushing burden, and doubles his labor. But let not us who are stewards of God's bounty condone ourselves for the shame of having to render our account with sadness, when it might have been with joy. The fields are whitening for the harvest. Let us have part in their reaping. *A. Friend.*

Sin and Evolution.

We are glad to find Dr. Horton taking strong ground on the subject of "Sin and Evolution," and stripping one of the stupid fallacies of our time of its poor logic and worse doctrine. Since the theory of evolution has become in some measure popularized, we have heard on every hand brave and learned talk about "sin" being merely an incident in human progress—a mere relic of the animal which we have not yet outgrown, etc. This baseless theorizing has spread from the savants to the people, until, as most Christian workers sadly know, it is far from rare to hear men support themselves upon the theory of evolution as an excuse for their passions. To such Dr. Horton says, with firmness:

"Sin is not worn out by evolution, and the race does not slough off as it emerges. The ape and the tiger in men die, but sin is not therefore gone. So far from sin being eliminated by evolution, the sense of sin becomes profounder and more radical as the spiritual development proceeds. In man, as he gets further from the beast, sin intensifies—its burden increases, the cry for deliverance becomes more urgent."

It is the absolute fact of the sense of sin becoming more intense as men become more spiritual that destroys the airy theory of evolutionists concerning sin. When a man consents to lay aside the opinions of his fellows, and the flattery of his own heart, and to get alone with his conscience and his God, he must cry out, "God be merciful to me a sinner."—London Christian.

A Prayer.

O God, who dost direct the affairs of men and of nations, we beseech Thee to bless our land in the time of its great affliction. Support and strengthen the widow of our President, and grant that all the consolations of Thy Spirit may be abundantly ministered unto her. Richly bless Thy servant who has been suddenly called to the position of highest authority in our land; plentifully endue him with power from on high; qualify him to assume the responsibilities and bear the burdens of his office; protect him, we entreat Thee, from accident, from disease, and from violence; and grant that, recognizing his dependence upon Thee, he may so conduct the affairs of state that lawlessness may be restrained, and that Thy Kingdom may be more perfectly established among us;

For Thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever, Amen.

Religious Work Conference at the Y. M. C. A.

A conference of the pastors and Christian laymen of the city will be held in the Young Men's Christian Association building next Friday evening, September 20th, at 8 o'clock, to discuss ways and means for a more aggressive Christian work among the young men of our city. The meeting will be addressed by Rev. George C. Adams, D.D., and other Christian workers. The committee in charge is very desirous of reaching every Christian man in the city.

We trust our readers will make every effort to be present, and also urge their young men friends to attend what we believe will be a most profitable gathering.

It is very difficult for The Pacific to secure prompt payment of subscription. But without it the business is a constant worry.

Blue-Monday Papers.

By W. H. G Temple, D.D.

The Longitude of a Sermon.

This term is evidently not geographical, but chronological. A sermon may range over the whole surface of the earth with impunity, and make the acquaintance of any meridian. Both zones and ozones are welcome in its make-up. It may even grow hot and cold by turns without showing any malarial tendencies, though the temperate zone will generally be preferred. But when we come to consider its linear dimensions, there is but one conclusion we dare reach, forsooth, and that is that its conclusion must be within certain fixed limits. We have read of ministers who wrote their sermons by the yard. Whether this be so or not the criticising public—perhaps I had better say the suffering public—cares little; but it has made up its mind, and it refuses to reconsider, that sermons must be delivered while the preacher keeps one eye on the clock.

The very persons who grow fidgety as the half-hour limit is reached, on Sunday morning, would sit complacently for an hour and a half, and hardly wink, while listening to a lecture on some secular subject. Further, if the lecturer should boil down his material so that he could intelligently compass his theme in much shorter time, these critics would go away with the idea that they had received but part of their money's worth. A scientific, or historical, or biological subject is too important altogether in the public eye to be slighted in its treatment, and must therefore be allowed a reasonable time for its proper consideration; but a theme that relates to a man's eternal welfare must be either reduced to a mere phrase, or be gabbled off at break-neck speed, that the audience may not get restless during its delivery, or feel obliged to get up piecemeal and leave the house. The fact that the truth considered is a thrilling one has nothing to do with the time to be consumed in its treatment. The thrill must stop in thirty minutes! Though the soul of the preacher be full to bursting with the importance of the theme, that soul must empty itself in—thirty minutes! Though hungry eyes look toward the pulpit, and hungry hearts crave the blessed food of the gospel, the nourishment must be withdrawn at the end of thirty minutes! Though the auditors may have plenty of time to spare, and will not again, for a whole week employ themselves so profitably as they are during the preaching of that sermon, it must run its length in thirty minutes! What will not conventionalism undertake to demand?

Imagine a faithful and intelligent pastor, whose preaching ability is rather more than the average, sitting down before his Bible for the purpose of selecting a text which he may do justice to in thirty minutes or less. Now, here is a short sentence, "God is love." What is there about it to demand so much time for its development? That will do. He will be sure to get through with all he has to say within the prescribed time. The parson starts in. Not an idea! He seems to be looking off on a shoreless ocean. It is but a waste of infinity that stretches out before him. He brings out his sermon telescope—no boundary! He drops his sermon plummet—no bottom! Then a thought comes with its spreading pinions toward him. It must have started somewhere. Then a flock of thoughts come. Soon the sky is white with wings. He is over-powered with the largeness of the theme. It widens in spite of him. The material grows so fast he does not know what to do with it. To handle that intelligently in half an hour would be im-

possible. What shall he do? Obviously get another text for the people will never listen long enough to get that one into their hearts.

Is this grotesque? No more so than the proposition upon which it is based. Some men are long-winded after they have spoken ten minutes, for they have said about all they have to say, and the rest of the time is generally taken up with repetitious platitudes. Some men can talk for an hour, and the congregation will, at the conclusion of the sermon, wonder where the time has gone. Most men will find a natural limit somewhere between these extremes. I deprecate this whole discussion as to the longitude of a sermon. It makes the matter altogether mechanical. It is another indication of the unreasonableness of this fast age of ours. Not a moment must be spent for anything over and above its actual necessity. People must walk quickly, work quickly, eat quickly and talk quickly, or something will receive a disproportionate amount of attention. Hurry-skurrying through their every-day life, is it any wonder if men also hurry-skurry through their religious life? It is all unhealthy haste. Deliberation is as necessary sometimes as speed. The quality of an act ought to require as much consideration as its momentum. It is unseemly to be pitched neck and heels into the kingdom. It is equally unseemly to fling a sermon in the same hot haste in which one might fling a ball to bat. Let the thought come naturally; promptly, not with a rush. Let the theme determine the length of the discourse, not the clock on the wall. A wise minister will use a reasonable tune. An unwise minister nobody wants. Exit chronometer!

Seattle.

Jay Cooke's Service to the Nation.

A friend of Jay Cooke tells how the great banker came to the aid of the Government at the time of the assassination of Lincoln. Mr. Cooke, it seems, never mentioned this, the greatest incident in his life, except to a few friends. He was not a boastful man. A Pennsylvania friend reports him as saying: "At four o'clock on the morning after Lincoln's assassination a messenger came to my home at Ogontz and told me. For a while I was dazed, but when I had got into the train my mind began to work. I realized that the Europeans would conclude that the Government would be wrecked by what had happened; that their bonds, which I had had so great a part in negotiating both at home and abroad, would seriously depreciate, and they would begin selling them down, and would send them back to us in sheaves. Thus a catastrophe of immense purport would be precipitated, which it was of the utmost importance should be averted. I decided to stand in the breach and risk my whole fortune to defend the financial interests of the country, and therefore all my numerous correspondents were instructed to 'Buy everything at yesterday's rates.' I then informed the Government at Washington what I had done; and they gave their assurance that I should be fully supported.

"On the subsequent day the newspapers came out with such remarks as these: 'See what a great country this is! The President has been killed, the members of his Cabinet attacked. But the President is only one man. The basis of our strength is too wide spread for such an incident as this to affect its prosperity. Look at the prices of its bonds and that of other securities—they have not declined one cent.' The public came and bought back those securities that had been thrown on the market, and the situation was saved."

Conditions in China.

By J. E. Walker.

Kuliang, or Drum Ridge, is a summer resort a few miles from Foochow city. About two hours by foot brings one to the foot of the mountain which rises directly from almost the level of tide water to a height of 2,300 to 2,600 feet. There are no carriage roads in this part of China, nothing but foot-paths, few of which would do even for a jinricksha. In many places they are paved with stone slabs; but these are too roughly laid for bicycles. Three feet is a good width for one of these paved highways. Most of the way up the mountain is steep enough to require paved steps, of which there are in all over 3,000. The difference in temperature between the city and the mountain is nearly ten degrees, F., and here during July and August many of the missionaries find a pleasant and refreshing retreat from the heat and filth of the plain below.

Last year there was little rest, however, because of anxiety in regard to course of events in the North, and the uncertainty also as to what might transpire in the South. The rest of year before last was broken by a terrific typhoon, which badly damaged many of the cottages, and wrecked a few of them. This year, while we on the mountain have had a quiet time, our hearts have been saddened at the fearful havoc wrought by the plague in and about Foochow city. Members of our churches and pupils in our schools have been among the victims, while also a few of our workers have been called home to the rest above. The plague travels about in a strangely erratic way, raging now in this neighborhood and now in that. It seems true that the propagation of the plague is mainly the work of rats and fleas. Dead rats are the first sign that the plague has entered a house. Fleas passing from sick to well rats spread the disease; and then fleas, passing from dead rats to men, inoculate them with the fatal virus. What a lesson this on the importance of small things! Flies carry typhoid germs, mosquitoes inoculate with malaria and fleas inoculate with the bubonic plague. Mosquitoes can be fought with oil and with screens, and flies can be shut out from houses and breeding places; but no safeguard of this kind has yet been brought out against fleas.

Last week we had a religious convention for our own spiritual quickening which was of great benefit to us all. Missionaries of the American Methodist Mission, the English Church Mission and the A. B. C. F. M. Mission all had an equal share in it; and a stranger would hardly have guessed which was which. The evils of denominational differences in the foreign field are exaggerated. They do exist; but the sharpest differences and most heated controversies in the foreign field arise between members of the same mission. It was a missionary from India, I believe, who said? "The heathen give me the least trouble of all. The native converts give me more trouble, and the native preachers make me still more trouble. My brother missionaries make me more trouble than do the preachers, while my own heart gives me more trouble than all the rest put together." Proximity and a little depravity will breed more trouble than a great deal of depravity a little removed; and denominations may prevent more quarrels than they produce. We are usually on our manners in our intercourse with the members of other missions. Very early in the history of our Foochow missions it was discovered that the Chinese are both by heredity and training clannish, and if encouraged by the foreign missionary, the converts would carry sectarianism to an extreme; and thus almost from the start

we have been compelled to give prominence to inter-mission comity. Several times some disagreement between two of the three missions has been arbitrated by the third with good results. Usually the dispute begins between the Chinese converts of two missions, who, in turn, enlist the sympathies of the missionaries under whose supervision they are working. But very few disagreements grow directly out of denominational differences.

But as I read the home papers I can but wonder what will be the outcome of this new theology. Is it a religious parasite which saps the life of the tree on which it grows? In such institutions as Andover and Bangor Seminaries it is a parasite, nourished by an income furnished in the past by men who would sternly reprobate its teachings. It is not the theological question so much as the practical one which concerns me. When the question was up some years ago about sending men to the foreign field who favored future probation, I stood ready to welcome them to a fair trial of their fitness for the work. But that, we now see, was only the entering wedge; the question now is, Has not a parasite fastened upon the roots of the A. B. C. F. M. which will gradually sap its income?

Foochow, China, August 9, 1901.

Two Kinds of Courage.

Among the anecdotes of the late General Ludlow there are two that illustrate his courage. The first one relates that at the battle of El Caney he wore a white yachting cap in the most exposed positions and thus made himself a conspicuous target for the enemy. It was the only hat he happened to have, so that the wearing of it on the battle-field cannot be considered mere bravado. The other anecdote reveals a different kind of courage, and, it must be said, a nobler and higher kind. Once when General Ludlow, then a colonel of engineers, was in charge of some important Government contracts, a contractor came into his office and slipped into his hand a bill of a large denomination and at the same time spoke of the size of his bid for certain Government work. Colonel Ludlow at once made the contractor feel at home by smiling and inviting him to take a chair. Then he handed the contractor a cigar. The visitor by this time was in high feather over the apparent success of his attempt at bribery, but his idea of Ludlow was suddenly changed. "Won't you have a light, too?" asked the colonel, and stepping to the fireplace with the bill, he lighted it and politely handed it in a flame to the contractor's cigar, where he held it until it was entirely consumed. It is related that there was a deep silence; then the contractor went away gloomily and never returned. General Ludlow's physical courage at El Caney makes a good story, but his moral courage in the face of a corrupt contractor makes a better one.—Springfield Republican.

Miss Ora Eddleman, a young woman of Cherokee blood, owns and edits *The Twin Territories*, a thirty-two-page illustrated magazine, whose contributors are persons living in Oklahoma and Indian Territory, the Territories which it represents. Miss Eddleman, on leaving school, wished to undertake something which should elevate the Indian intellectually, and *The Twin Territories* is the result. It has been running two years successfully.

Whatever will make us better and happier God has placed either openly before us or very close to us.—Seneca.

How Much Did Paul Know of the Historic Life of Jesus?

By P. Anstadt, D. D.

This question was asked by Dr. Rhys Rees Lloyd, Professor of New Testament Greek and Exegesis in the Congregational Seminary of San Francisco (Berkeley), as reported in the "Literary Digest."

After examining the fourteen Epistles written by Saint Paul, he finds that they give no information about the birth of Jesus, and scarcely any thing about his public ministry, and then asks, "Did Paul know anything about the thoughts recorded of Christ's birth by Matthew and Luke?" Dr. Lloyd finds but three possible allusions in Paul's Epistles to the public ministry of Jesus: 1. That he witnessed a good confession before Pilate (I Tim vi: 13); 2. That he came and preached peace to them that were afar off, and peace to them that were near (Eph. ii: 17); 3. That he quotes the words of the Lord at the institution of the Eucharist (I Cor. xi: 23-25).

From these statements Dr. Lloyd draws the hasty conclusion, that "the form and contents of the Epistles written by Paul show palpably their lack of fitness for the permanent instruction of the churches of the world."

This is certainly a strange expression by a professor of New Testament Greek and Exegesis in a Christian theological seminary. Were they not written under the inspiration of the Holy Spirit? Are they not a part of the canon of the Holy Scriptures? And were they not designed by God, in connection with the gospels, for the permanent instruction of the churches until the end of the world?

The professor finally arrives at this conclusion: "While Paul *may* have known about many events stated in the gospels, many of the statements which we have in the New Testament documents were probably unknown to him." This assumption is based on silence in Paul's epistles in regard to the historic life of Christ. But for the same reason he might have expressed doubts about the knowledge of Peter, James and John of the historic life of Jesus, because their epistles are as silent on this subject as those of St. Paul.

These statements by a professor in a Christian theological seminary may perplex the minds of the less informed. But as he deals only in speculations and probabilities, we propose to show, on the other hand, that the Apostle Paul more than *probably* knew all about the historic life of Jesus as recorded in the Gospels according to Matthew and Luke.

In the first place, it is supremely probable that a man of St. Paul's learning and zeal would strive to gain all possible information of the historic life of Jesus, whose gospel he had been called to preach. Indeed, it would seem highly improbable that he would not do so. Can we think of the great apostle of the Gentiles itinerating the greater part of the then known world during twenty-five or thirty years, preaching the gospel of salvation through faith in Christ, enduring hardships, labors, persecutions, scourgings, shipwrecks, and finally a martyr's death, for the sake of Christ, without knowing much about him? No sane man would act thus. Yea, it would have been practically impossible for him to preach the whole gospel, and point out the way of salvation through faith in Christ, if he had not been well informed of the historic life of Jesus. Hence, he solemnly declares in his Epistle to the Corinthians: "I determined not to know anything among you, save Jesus Christ and him crucified." (I Cor. ii: 2.) And to the Philippians he writes: "Yea, doubtless, I count all things but loss for

the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus, my Lord, for whom I have suffered the loss of all things, and do count them but dung, that I may win Christ." (Phil. iii: 8.)

He certainly had abundant opportunity to learn everything he wished to know about the historic life of Jesus. He lived in Jerusalem during the three years of Christ's public ministry. He may have seen and heard him teaching in the temple. Christ's fame as a teacher and miracle-worker, especially the raising of Lazarus from the dead, must have been known to him. He was a strict member of the sect of the Pharisees who opposed and hated Jesus and conspired against his life, so that, even while an enemy, he must have had much knowledge of Christ's teachings and miracles.

After his conversion he had the most ample opportunity of learning all about Christ by his constant intercourse with the disciples and apostles, who could give him every particular of Christ's birth, childhood, public ministry, miracles, crucifixion, burial, resurrection and ascension. At Damascus he was with Ananias, who instructed and baptized him; in Jerusalem he first met with the Apostles Peter and James; on his missionary tours he was accompanied by St. Luke, who wrote the gospel that is called by his name. St. Luke was also his faithful companion on his long and dangerous voyage to Rome, whither he sailed as a prisoner. Their most congenial conversation during all their companionship by sea and land would doubtless be about Christ, his person and his work.

But Paul's knowledge of the historic life of Jesus was not confined to verbal information from the apostles and early Christians. He also had access to the most authentic written documents. The Gospel according to St. Matthew was written about the years 38 and 40, only five or six years after Paul's conversion. Paul died in the year 66, and therefore could be in possession of this gospel during a space of at least twenty-six years. Mark's Gospel was also written five or six years before Paul's death.

There is a remarkable passage in II Tim. iv: 13, where Paul, writing from his prison in Rome, requests Timothy to bring him "the books, but especially the parchments which he had left at Troas." There have been many conjectures among commentators as to what these books and parchments contained. Some supposed they were Greek and Roman classics; others, that the books were Jewish commentaries on the Old Testament, and the parchments manuscript notes written by other Christians. But all admit that these are mere conjectures, and no one can tell what these books really contained. This being so, I will also add my conjecture, namely, that they were the Gospel according to Saint Matthew or Luke, or both. Nothing certainly could be so desirable or precious to St. Paul in his present condition, so near the day of his martyrdom, as the book of the Gospel of Jesus Christ his Savior.

But after all, St. Paul was not dependent for his knowledge of the historic life of Jesus upon the verbal accounts and traditions of the apostles and early Christians. He had special revelations from Christ himself. After his conversion he remained three years in Arabia, engaged in meditation and the study of the Christian religion. Here doubtless he received those revelations to which he refers in his epistles. In the Epistle to the Galatians, i: 11, 12, he writes: "I testify you, brethren, that the gospel which was preached by me is not after man; for I neither received it of man, neither was I taught it,

but by the revelations of Jesus Christ." And in I Cor. xv: 3 he writes: "For I delivered unto you that which I also received, how that Christ died for our sins according to the Scriptures."

Thus we see plainly that Paul had abundant opportunity to learn all the particulars about the historic life of Jesus, both by tradition and revelation. Why, then, it is asked, does he say so little about it in his writings to the churches? Answer: For the obvious reason that it was unnecessary. The early churches had already received the Gospel according to St. Matthew long before Paul wrote his epistles to them.

Professor Lloyd, singularly enough, admits this himself, when he says in his article, "There was no necessity for crowding all his information upon any one of these topics into all or any one of his letters."—Lutheran Observer.

President McKinley's California Tour.

The President's progress through California was a continuous ovation. His pathway was literally strewn with roses, and all sorts and conditions of men and women united in doing him honor. It is not difficult to find the inspiration for this devotion. Upon the Pacific slope the President was something more than the official head of the nation, something more than a lovable man. He was the embodiment of an administration which has added the furthest isles of the sea to our domain. San Francisco, more than any other city, has experienced practical benefit from expansion. It is the *entrepot* of our commerce with the East. Its docks have been thronged with thousands of sailors hastening to Manila, while incoming regiments have welcomed the outlines of the Golden Gate with unspeakable delight as the end of their homeward journey. The enormous cargoes of supplies for the Philippines and for the army in China have been broken in bulk in San Francisco, and the transfer from train to transport has given employment to labor. This is but the beginning. From this time on, the argosies that sail the Pacific will increase in number and value, and San Francisco will be the gainer thereby. Force of circumstances has made President McKinley the central figure in this development. In California, and especially in San Francisco, a grateful and prosperous people made it evident that they regarded him as the main-spring of their enlarged destiny.

It was in San Francisco that a very remarkable result of the war with Spain was observed. Not so very long ago that city was almost unknown to the average Eastern man. It was separated from the East by a tedious and expensive railroad journey. The Pacific Coast was a section unto itself. Even now its merchants talk of "importing" goods "from the States." I remember seeing, some years ago, intimations that the people west of the Rocky Mountains were able and willing to exist independently of their Eastern brethren. The danger of a division of the Republic was, of course, more imaginary than real; but, in any event, it has been entirely removed by the acquisition of the Philippines. Across the continent during the past three years there has traveled a steady procession from East to West, most of the pilgrims bearing arms, it is true, but all of them active, patriotic, intelligent citizens. These Eastern men, who, but for the strange outcome of events, would never have known the Pacific Coast, have touched elbows with their brothers of the West, and both have gloried in a common country.

As I stood by the President on the broad parade of

the Presidio and listened to his speech to the returned volunteers, it seemed to me that he had builded wiser than he knew when he guided the nation successfully through the momentous crisis of 1898. Not only had his sympathy and tact welded the North and the South, but he had brought the East and the West together with bands of common intercourse. It is no small thing that more Eastern people have visited San Francisco in the last three years than had traveled to the Coast in the previous two decades. The barriers have been broken down. Instead of being upon the outermost edge of the United States, San Francisco is now a stopping-place on the way to Manila, and to this extent, at least, is nearer New York than ever before. The people of the Pacific Coast realize and appreciate this fact. They favor, therefore, the permanent retention of our new possessions; and, viewed from their standpoint, expansion welds together the links in the chain of our national life.

The personal affection everywhere manifested for the President was remarkable. Crowds are always certain to assemble whenever a President appears in public. Curiosity explains their eager gathering; but no one who has traveled with President McKinley can have failed to observe that the popular esteem in which he is held is as much a personal as an official tribute. No President—certainly no President since the days of Lincoln—has been so close to the hearts of the people as Mr. McKinley. I could instance a hundred incidents wherein this fact was demonstrated; but it is not necessary to adduce proof. I believe that few persons, even of the most partisan opposition, will dispute the universal popularity of the President. He has been blessed beyond measure in his administration; but, more than this, the calcium light of publicity that surrounds him has revealed him as the highest type of American citizen, courteous, thoughtful, honest, Christian-like in his daily walk and conduct.—Henry Litchfield West, in *The Forum*.

Courage!

Egypt gave birth to art, and art still lives,
Though its old mother-land lies desolate.
Greece gave it its most perfect form, and Greece
Is but a shadow, dark, degenerate,
While art's fair beams today illuminate
The corners of the earth. "I must decrease,"
Cries the frail instrument, "but sure increase"
Marks that good thing which I can but create."

Sometimes when great men die
We seem to see Hope lie
A crushed, dead thing beside the dead man's bier.
"We cannot understand
Why Death's resistless hand
Has dealt this blow!" we cry; and as the tear
Dims our weak vision, turn away in dread,
And mourn a great man and our hope—both dead!

O faithless man! turn from the tomb your eyes;—
Only the instrument within its lies—
The mighty truth he cherished never dies!

—The Sunday School Times, September, 1881.

Missions in India meet with a great loss in the death of Miss Isabella Thoburn, President of the college of women and girls at Lucknow. One of the most inspiring addresses at the Ecumenical Conference last year was made by Miss Thoburn. She was a sister of Bishop Thoburn, and had worked in India almost continuously since 1869.

Michigan has had great gain in production since 1887, the advance being 1089 per cent.

The Sunday-School.

BY REV. F. B. PERKINS.

Review.

Lesson XIII. September 29, 1901.

Far up in the highlands of Colorado, near the summit of the Rocky Mountains, melting snows are gathered into a little rill across which one may easily step. Look on it with respect, however, for that rivulet is the infantile beginning of the Rio Grande river. Thence you may follow it down those mountain slopes, toward the open plain, widening and deepening as it receives the contributions of gulch and canyon, and thence southward until, 1,800 miles from its birthplace, it pours its waters into the Gulf of Mexico. Not unlike to this has been our course of Bible study during the past three months. We have been at the source of the religious history of the world. We have seen the river of the water of life a rivulet, at its fountain head. We have traced its descent along the course of human affairs, continually added to by the experiences of representative men, until it has emerged upon the table-land of Hebrew history, well started on its world-embracing flow toward the ocean of a redeemed humanity.

* * *

Timely studies these have been. They possess far more than a mere historical or genealogical interest. For precisely these elementary truths are the ones which this age and our own communities sorely need. The simplest and the most complex civilizations meet at this point. The world in its wisdom knows not God. It has come back to a condition of things when a sense of God and of his fatherly relation to mankind, of a spiritual world enswathing this and penetrating it with divine forces, of accountability and of sin, is almost lost out of common thought, and is weak even with the more religious. The necessity of the age is for a course of instruction similar to that which God gave in primitive times. That spiritual revival, to the need of which all bear witness, is impossible, without such a revival of these living, operative truths, in our hearts and lives. It will be profitable for us, therefore, to survey again the ground now traversed, and mark some of its salient features.

* * *

1. First, our studies have taken us upon the heights, and there, "or ever He had formed the earth or the world," we have been made conscious of GOD—the personal Jehovah, whose word was the almighty creative force. "He spake, and it was done; he commanded, and it stood fast."

Creation, we have also learned, had behind it a purpose. All its developments were a prearranged plan. It was to be a building (Heb. iii: 4) within which should be wrought out God's ideal of life (Eph. iii: 9, 10). Every step, therefore, we have been made to see, was deliberately taken, with exactest reference to the creative idea.

What that plan involved became evident as we drew near the close of those wonderful pictures. *Man* is the key to it all. Identified with these lower forms of creation, he is also differentiated from them. He is the crown of creation, a microcosm, a little world, in himself. But he is also creation's lord. He is God's child, made in His own image, a connecting link with divinity, and in God's name put in authority over all (Ps. viii).

2. All too soon the bright picture of the first lesson is clouded. Sin comes into view. And here we trace the origin of it—brought into the world from without, and gaining a foothold through the co-operation of our first

parents; the nature of it—asself-will in place of obedience; and the effects of it—first, in destroying man's childlike intercourse with his Heavenly Father; and second, in the transformation of his garden into a desert, the replacement of joyous activity with painful toil, and death as its end.

Yet the prospect was not left unlighted by hope. All was not lost; for, far in the future, beamed upon the race the promise of deliverance. The seed of the woman should bruise the serpent's head.

Thenceforward we are to trace the development of both these lines. Sin and redemption in their outworking, together, neither complete in itself, are to become the warp and the woof of human history.

3. See this illustrated in our third subject of study. Millenniums have passed, during which that noxious seed which was planted in the garden had spread over all the earth, infecting with its poison the entire human race. God's providence in those days was much the same as now; and to the signs of God's displeasure people were also as oblivious as the majority of men are today. Hence, the flood, which was God's way of showing to that evil generation how abhorrent their ways of wickedness were to him; and, as involved in this, how very real his righteousness is, and how active his concern in the prevalence of good over evil in the world.

The way in which he did this, moreover, demonstrated the *goodness* of his righteousness, the kindness of his justice, and the fact that, while he cannot look upon sin without abhorrence, yet that he will smite vindictively only in the last extremity. He will warn every one faithfully (Gen. vi: 3, 7), giving abundant opportunity for repentance. That is the significance of the 120 years of delay. But more than this: whenever he finds a man who has within him righteous impulses, and whose life is a walk with God, him he excepts from the general curse (cf. Matt. xxiv: 37-46). So "Noah found grace in the eyes of the Lord"; and God saved him and his household, when the flood destroyed all the rest (vi: 8; viii: 18). Not only so, but, to give him and us better heart, He entered then into new engagements of mercy, and established a memorial to last as long as the earth stands (viii: 21, 22).

4. A very important advance in the process of redemption comes to view in our next study. Hitherto we have had but glimpses of the agents through whom God was working out his gracious plans. Now begins more detailed history. A man—and in him a family and a nation—is separated from heathen surroundings, to form the world's training class in religion. Abram is seen in the act of breaking away from all his early associations, and going out to seek a new home for himself and his household, upon distinctively religious considerations. In doing so, he is opposing himself to the almost universal polytheism into which religion had degenerated, and allying himself with Jehovah; whom he declares to be God alone, one, living, true, and good. In this last respect especially the God of Abram differs from the gods many, and lords many, of idolatry. They represented no moral qualities. Jehovah was, in all and above all, *righteous*. How Abram had come to this conviction we do not know; but come to it he had. And God meets him with a distinct recognition as a fellow-laborer (xii: 1-3) in redemption. He brings to view also the redeeming agency in this new agent—*faith*; i. e., his way of taking God at his word, and acting upon that in face of all opposing appearances (Heb. xi: 8, 9).

5. This same practical trust in the living God finds illustration also in Abram's action regarding the division

of land. It was this which enabled him to waive his undoubted rights, and to give to his nephew the choice of location. He simply fell back upon God's sure word. Freed thus from selfish fear, he could afford to be generous; more than this, to give due weight to the effect of his conduct upon others. It was the lack of such faith which was at the foundation of Lot's selfish folly. And God, by his subsequent words (xiii: 14-18), plainly showed on which side his favor lay.

6. Again Abram's watchful Guardian meets him, as is his wont with faithful servants. Abram, for some reason, was troubled; he needed encouragement; and God gave it to him, repeating His promise in more emphatic terms; defining more exactly the line of descent which the blessings will take; and, in a most impressive symbol, entering into a special covenant with him—a covenant which covered the land of promise in all its extent, and made it over to Abram's descendants, in perpetual possession.

7. The next scene includes a wonderful display of God's condescending grace. About to perform an act of awful retributive justice, he makes a confidant of Abraham, treating him as a partner, and making known to him His purposes. Nor only so; he recognizes Abraham as an accredited intercessor in behalf of Sodom, allows him to reason out the case with him, and to plead as man with man. More even than this; he allows Abraham's prayer determining weight over his action, and modifies his decision to the extent of granting all that the intercessor asked for. Abraham must have learned much of God through that experience; and we, too, through him; for the God of Abraham is also the Hearer and Answerer of our prayers.

8. Our eighth lesson told how the great test of Abraham's fidelity came—the one which pre-eminently gave him his distinction as Father of the Faithful. In the language of the New Testament writer to the Hebrews, he "being tried, offered up Isaac; yea, he that had gladly received the promises was offering up his only begotten son; even he to whom it was said, In Isaac shall thy seed be called; accounting that God is able to raise up even from the dead." Such obedience as that implied a wonderful growth in knowledge of the true God, since Ur of the Chaldees was left, a wonderful development of godly character on Abraham's own part as well. The outcome of that trial, moreover, added to that knowledge, and bound him more closely to God's side. For it revealed, as nothing else could, the real attitude of Jehovah toward sacrifices; showed that the acceptable thing in any such trial was, not the sacrificial pain, but the sacrificial will (cf. Heb. x: 8-10; Micah vi: 8). Such a conception separated Jehovah, by the whole diameter of being, from the false gods of his youth, and their cruel worship! Through this sacrifice, also, Abraham looked forward through nearly two millenniums, and caught a glimpse of the days of Christ, and of the true sacrifice for sin (John viii: 56).

9. In that decisive testing, Isaac shows only less heroism than Abraham; the like spirit animated both. The glimpse which we next get of that pious youth is very different, but equally characteristic. Isaac was built on the same heroic proportions as his father; He does not, indeed, fill out the common worldly conception of a hero. Isaac was essentially "a home body." But there are victories of peace as well as of war, and his conduct toward the quarrelsome Philistines was that of a nobleman. So God certainly regarded it (xxvi: 24); and, as one issue of it, gave to him a lasting influence for good over those

rough men. It was their turn afterwards to come to Isaac with the request for an alliance of friendship. They had gotten, through him, a new conception of goodness, and better thoughts of the God whom he served. "We saw plainly," say they, "that Jehovah was with thee; and we said, Let there now be an oath betwixt us and thee, and let us make a covenant with thee."

10. Jacob, Isaac's son, was a very different man from his father. He had in him the elements of a man of God; but, as miners say, he was "refractory ore." The experience at Bethel is the first really hopeful feature in his case. That dream of his, the time and circumstances considered, was a wonderful manifestation of God's mercy; an impressive illustration, also, of the closeness of the ties which bind together heaven and earth, and God to man; a marvellous exhibition of the largeness and unfailing certainty of the divine promises; and, in its issue, an affecting exhibition of a religious conversion, wrought through grace, though marked with natural conditions and imperfections.

11. Jacob at Peniel takes a great step forward. From that time on, his religious experience was showed by a spirituality to which he had hitherto been a stranger. Out of that momentous struggle came to him, and to us, the assurance that man can have power with God; that the way to power over men is to gain power with God; and that the power of man with God is the power of prayer—prayer which realizes God, and which in the might of helpless trust hangs about his neck.

Christian Endeavor Service.

By Rev. J. H. Goodell.

Missions: Growth of the Kingdom. (Ps. lxxii.)

Lesson XIII. September 29, 1901.

In his travels the writer once came to a section of country the conditions of which greatly puzzled him for a time. The whole region was full of activity. Hundreds of workmen were busy with all sorts of implements and machinery. Some were pulling down large buildings. Others were moving the soil from one part to another. Walls were going up, trees were being planted, hills were being leveled and much construction carried on which, to the observer, was inexplicable. The more he looked the more perplexed he became. At last reaching a little house in one corner of the area he was shown a beautiful map with every detail complete. This explained the whole. These busy people and urgent activities were all under a certain overseer who was directing all this work according to a well-conceived and fully-perfected plan. What seemed now to be utter confusion was making its way to become a delightful park for the community in the midst of which it was located. Every stroke and movement and result contributed to the realization, in that attractive landscape, of the wonderful plan which lay out of sight to the passerby or the casual observer. If I had not been taken into that contractor's office and given the map to study, I would have departed from that scene, not understanding at all what all that stir and labor meant.

* * *

It is just so with this Christian work around us. We watch matters on every side. People are busy; churches go up here and there; books are written; services are held; organizations come into being, live for awhile and disappear; money is gathered; missionaries sail to the ends of the earth; armies march; battles are fought; creeds rise and produce sensation if not confusion; strange phenomena thrill the multitudes; and there is no

time or place in which the casual observer is not asking himself, "What does it all mean?" The most of us forget that somewhere, where the great Overseer is, there is a perfect plan of what is to be as the result of all this which is so little understood by us. Like the workers on the park-site, some may be lagging, or shirking, or doing imperfect work. Here and there the measurements may be wrong and mistakes occur. But all the while there is a steady progress to the realization of a wonderful and beautiful plan, divine in its conception, thrilling in its prospect, and infinite in its scope!

* * *

What every worker on this plan needs is to study it in all of its details. We are inspired in all our work, unless it is sordid and unworthy of a soul's life, by carefully keeping our eyes on some great pattern of what we hope to accomplish. What artist can stand before some masterpiece without himself becoming higher in his purposes and more faithful in his work? What young man or woman can live day after day in touch with a character that has reached lofty ideals without being truer and more determined in reaching towards the noblest things for human attainments? This fact is never more patent than in this devotion to God. As you and I live daily in view of Jesus Christ, our aims are lifted, our purposes are intensified, and our work is more painstaking.

* * *

Now our theme is "Missions." Often that subject fails to interest just because we do not study the plan given in the Bible with all its perfected beauty. Who ever tires of visiting a beautiful park! It has something new and attractive every time we wander along its paths. So it is with God's plan for our future. It is worth our while to make this book a lifelong study that we may become familiar with the purpose and the sure outcome of all that seems at times so puzzling in the ongoing of the world. We would not then be so tempted to give up our part, or to do it so carelessly. We would not be so disturbed by this man's failure or that one's blunder. The fantastic interpretation so often given to Scripture comes largely from neglect to study God's plan in it.

* * *

Encourage your own life and make this meeting of value by noting carefully what this psalm has to say as to the result of this Christian work. Notice what is said of this person. We cannot fill this description by the life or character of any one until we come to Jesus Christ. See what he is to be to all this world some time. Read how extensive his influence and power will be, and then look in the face of some of the darker problems around us. Study what he is to be to the "dusky races," the unfortunate classes and the "submerged tenth," and ask whether it is worth our while to keep at work and keep the missionaries going. Think over these statements as to the comfort and abundance and prosperity which shall eventually come to this earth under this representative of Jehovah, and then see the light coming into the industrial questions of the time. Make a list of the conditions here promised and renew your consecration to untiring service. An agnostic ought to be ashamed when he reads this psalm. Few of them ever do read it.

New York papers name the New York Journal as a yellow paper. Chicago papers name the Chicago American, and San Francisco papers the San Francisco Examiner. And with great unanimity the press of the whole country supports these charges. So great a multitude of witnesses ought to have weight with the people.

Woman's Board of Missions for the Pacific.

President.....	Mrs. A. P. Peck.
	819 Fifteenth street, Oakland.
Treasurer.....	Mrs. S. M. Dodge.
	1275 Sixth avenue, Oakland.
Home Secretary.....	Mrs. W. J. Wilcox.
	576 East Fourteenth street, Oakland.
Home Secretary.....	Mrs. R. E. Cole
	1367 Castro street, Oakland
Foreign Secretary.....	Mrs. C. W. Farnam
	Fruitvale.
Branch Secretary.....	Mrs. H. E. Jewett
	2511 Benvenue avenue, Berkeley.
Superintendent Young People's Work.....	Miss Alice M. Flint
	60 Santa Clara avenue, Oakland.

Annual Report of Recording Secretary.

For twenty-eight years we have met to celebrate our anniversary. Perhaps we do not always realize, when we come to one of these annual gatherings, how much thought and time have been used in preparation. Weeks ago the Home Secretaries prepared and sent out to each auxiliary an invitation to our Annual, with a request for a report and an offering. As the answers come in, they are combined in one paper, as you will shortly hear; while the treasurer carefully and methodically receives and notes the gifts. Meanwhile, the president prepares the program, the foreign secretary writes her account of our missions, and the recording secretary delves in the dust of headquarters for cuts and half-forgotten documents. All this varied activity would be useless were it not for you, dear Audience, who are patiently listening to this; and now to our business, the recording of our year's doings.

Our twenty-seventh annual meeting was held Sept. 5, 1900, in the First church, San Francisco, and presided over by Mrs. Jewett, who, after ten years of conscientious and faithful labor in guiding the affairs of our Board, felt obliged to resign the office of president. While acknowledging her need of rest, the Board felt that her extensive knowledge of the Branches could not be spared, and appointed her Branch Secretary. In the place of President Mrs. A. P. Peck was elected, well fitted by years of foreign service to lead us on.

There were present at this meeting Dr. and Mrs. Price, who were soon to sail for the new mission in Guam; Miss Denton of Japan, who has been, up to the present time, helping by her presence and words in the East as well as the West; and Dr. Peck of China.

On Tuesday, Sept. 4th, our delegates' meeting was held; about fifty ladies listening to reports from auxiliaries and Branches. Roll call was answered partially by delegate or letter; since the account of work performed and the manner of doing it is always entertaining, it would be well if one could hear from each society.

This meeting was memorable to our treasurer, and so to every one, because our appropriations were entirely raised, also several hundred dollars of extra gifts, for objects not belonging especially to us. There is a constant tendency to give money to places, schools and people not supported by our Board. While we must not be less generous, yet it is necessary that our obligations should be met; these are the missionaries and schools set apart by the American Board as our special work.

The December quarterly meeting was held in Pilgrim church, East Oakland. Dr. Peck bade us farewell, and called this his home, since here he left his family. He hardly knew what he would find in China, for nearly everything was destroyed; he urged the churches of America to give liberal help to the Christian Chinese. The next day he sailed.

Mrs. L. R. Scudder of the Arcot Mission, India, spoke in an interesting way of her work, showing how hard it is to reduce expenses. Miss Agar of Alameda told of her desire to be a missionary.

Our March meeting, at Plymouth church, San Francisco, was remarkable from the presence of Miss Fay, our president from November, 1882, till 1890, who brought greetings from the Boston Board. Mrs. Willey, in whose parlors in Santa Cruz was held the initial meeting of the Board, was also present. Dr. Atwood of the Shansi Mission spoke. Miss Case of Osaka, Japan, told of three Bible women who had aided her; and Mr. Gardner of Foochow, China, told of two Chinese Bible women.

The next meeting, which belonged in June, was held in May, owing to the increased number who go to the country for the vacations. It was held in Berkeley. We greeted with great pleasure Miss Barker, just returned from seven years in India. Rev. Mr. Hatch gave an interesting address and a gentleman, Mr. Kawaye of Tokio, Japan, showed us the need of a Christian newspaper in that city.

The Executive Committee have had eleven meetings; much correspondence between this Board and the secretaries of the American Board is read and discussed; the appropriations are carefully weighed and finally adopted. The Cradle Roll has been begun in conjunction with the Home Missionary Union.

Our Twentieth Century Fund, begun in June, 1900, has not reached the desired total of \$2,000. About three-quarters have been raised, the Southern California Branch sending one-quarter and the First church, Oakland, one-quarter.

Our column in *The Pacific* has been superintended by Mrs. F. H. Foster, the Southern Branch continuing to supply matter once a month. In this column we hear reports from the annual meeting and long letters from our missionaries. Does every lady here read *The Pacific*? Will those who have it, and value it, pass it on to some distant friend? Can we not think of some lonely family, far from the stimulus of quarterly meetings and the encouragement of those who are going to a foreign field, who would prize *The Pacific*?

"Life and Light," also, our magazine, should be read by every woman in our churches.

Our foreign secretary, Mrs. Farnam, has returned from long months of travel; and we shall hear today about some of the places she has visited.

One item in regard to one of our missionaries in China, it is desirable to mention here. Miss Abbie Chapin was at our annual meeting three years ago. She is not supported by our Board, but our interest and admiration for her is great. In the siege of Peking she performed her part so bravely that the King of England presented her with the decoration of the royal Red Cross. Her name will stand with that of Miss Talcott of Japan for courage and duty performed in time of war.

More than eight thousand persons applied for positions as teachers in the Philippines, Congress having authorized the appointment of one thousand. In Manila the American teachers are to give the Filipino teachers instruction in English a half-hour each day, and as soon as possible the Spanish language will be abandoned in the schools.

Rev. S. M. Freeland is supplying the First Congregational church of Portland, and will continue through September and October.

The Moral Uses of Words.

Speaking is a wonderful human endowment. Christ "opened his mouth and taught his disciples, saying." He sent his disciples to conquer the world by telling the story of redemption. Words like those of Martin Luther make a reformation; like those of Wesley create a great revival church. God revealed himself in the Word. Words interpret personality, personal experiences; words convey feelings as well as thoughts. After all, we are best known, or more fully known, by the use of words. Many a good man is spoiled by the use of words. Well-chosen words teach and direct the temperament. Gentle words not only arise from an even, cultured temperament, but produce and sustain such a temperament. Words have a wonderful reactionary influence upon the character. Hot words not only make the party hot to whom they are addressed, but heats up the man who utters them. The "New York Observer" says that a word is a conveyancer of thought, a bridge over which ideas cross from one brain to another. A word is a spokesman for the soul. Words are the currency of the intellect, the legal-tender of the mind. They serve as media of exchange, conveying the mental value which lies in the mind of one man, it may be in the form of a poem, a prophecy or an epoch-making idea, to the mind of another. It might be possible, it is true, to convey thought without recourse to words, just as the deaf and dumb are enabled, though somewhat awkwardly, to converse by means of sign-language, as the Chinese exchange impressions by means of sign-pictures, or as in some parts of Russia, for the information of a peasantry too ignorant to read, tradesmen display in their shop windows pictures in lieu of advertisements of the wares within. But while semi-barbarous people may barter their wares, matching corn with cord-wood, or salt with wheat, without any agreement upon a convenient currency as a medium of exchange, such crude commercialism cannot meet the demands of modern civilized society. And for similar reasons a cultured society requires the development of a rich and ample vocabulary, made up of terms whose clear definition fits them to serve as the legal tender of intellectual intercourse, thus assisting to a commerce of thought in place of a clumsy barter of crude ideas or rank superstitions.—Cal. Chris. Advocate.

A Little Chinese Boy.

Little Wu, the twelve-year-old son of the Chinese ambassador, Wu Ting Fang, attends a fashionable school in Washington. Wu is always at the head of his class, in which he is the youngest pupil; and last month the report which was given him to take home could not possibly have been better, for he had gotten a mark of 100 in every branch. After signing this report, the father Wu wrote on its margin: "I hope my son will improve." Recently a fair was held at the school for the benefit of a hospital. Little Wu, with his pigtail and beautiful silken garments, is, of course, a favorite of the ladies, and one of the masters said, in discussing the plans for the fair: "We'll put you, Wu, behind the counter of the pickle booth. Then, indeed, the girls will torment you." Wu laughed, and answered, "Then I shall be in a pickle!"—Selected.

The grand sum total of the world's business is brought to pass, not by the irregular impulses of a few energetic spirits, but by the joint harmonious action of myriads of humble, faithful workers.—John James Taylor.

Church News.

Northern California.

Berkeley, Park.—In the memorial services held Sunday, the picture of President McKinley was draped with the same crepe with which pictures of Lincoln and Garfield were draped in 1865 and 1881. It has been kept by a member of the church since it was first used by him in 1865.

San Francisco, Third.—The crowds which have attended the Third church on the last two Sunday evenings could not be seated. Last Sunday evening the halls were blocked with those who were compelled to stand and the congregation overflowed on the platform. It was a unique sight to see members of the congregation seated on the rostrum. Rev. William Rader, the pastor, preached on "The Death of the President."

Southern California.

Los Angeles, Park church.—At the communion service Sept. 8th two members were added to the church on confession of faith.

Whittier.—This church rejoices in a steady growth, thirty members having been added to its list during the past year. The place is increasing in population and our congregation receives its share of the growth. The church is filled at the morning service. Sunday-school attendance averages 100, and is growing. It has a large proportion of boys in its classes.

Ontario.—Edward Ira Tracy, son of Rev. A. E. Tracy, former pastor for ten years in Ontario, was drowned at Wilton, N. H., Sept. 4th. He was a graduate of Pomona College, class of 1900, and had the honor of representing his alma mater in the inter-collegiate debates between his college and the University of Southern California. After graduation he became school principal in a prominent New Hampshire town. It was believed that he had before him a most useful and honorable career. His remains were brought to Ontario for burial.

Los Angeles, Plymouth.—This church is very modestly hid among the trees on a street comparatively untraveled, and the building itself is unpretentious, but its congregations of late have been gradually increasing. Those who listen once to the earnest, thoughtful, spiritual discourses of its pastor, Rev. J. H. Mallows, scarcely fail to hear him again. One says, "I can remember his sermons. He gives us something to carry away." A member of the church says: "It is like this every Sunday. Every sermon is the best." A school principal from another part of the city says, "I come here often. I don't hear so good preaching in any other church in the city."

Pomona.—In one of his sermons last Sunday the Rev. Dr. L. H. Frary said: "In the line of lawlessness, we have been recreant in the degree to which we have permitted the Satanic press of the country to caricature, vilify and malign men occupying the highest stations in the gift of the people. I refer to the foul, sensational and salacious San Francisco Examiner and those of its kind that appeal to the basest passions of the ignorant, inflaming those passions to the point of assassination. To charge men like President McKinley with being in league with monopolists to crush the laboring man and starve his family, to ridicule month after month by coarse joke and cartoon our highest officers, and thus break down the respect of the young and embitter the minds of the multitude with imaginary evils and wrongs, the Examiner custom is to sow the wind and reap the whirlwind."

Notes and Personals.

Rev. H. H. Cole will speak at the next Monday meeting of the ministers of San Francisco and vicinity. The subject will be "Snap Shots at Alaska."

The meeting of the Woman's Home Missionary Union, which was announced to be held in Plymouth church of this city on Thursday of this week, has been postponed for one week.

Rev. F. N. Greeley of Berkeley went East last week with the remains of his mother for interment in the burying ground near his childhood's home, and by the side of his father, who departed this life some years ago.

Prof. F. H. Foster of Pacific Theological Seminary gave, at the last meeting of the ministers of San Francisco and vicinity, the first of a series of addresses on important theological subjects. These addresses are to be given once a month for some time. There was a large attendance last Monday and much interest was manifested in the subject presented.

Rev. Alfred Bayley of the Fourth Congregational church of Oakland has returned from his three months' vacation to Europe. The Rev. John Simpson of Manchester, Eng., has had charge of the Fourth church during Mr. Bayley's absence. His ministrations were very acceptable to the people and a resolution to that effect was passed by the church recently, assuring Mr. Simpson of a hearty welcome amongst them at any time. Mr. Bayley informs us that he had the pleasure, while in England, of preaching in Mr. Simpson's home church, and a people more devoted to the memory of their pastor he has never met. It is now more than two years since he left and they have not been able to fill his place.

The Congregational church of Petaluma held its annual meeting last week. The building committee reported having raised the sum of \$9,564.50, and that after all the bills were paid, \$4.00 were left as a balance. The current expenses of the church for the year were \$1,555.60. There was a net increase of seven in membership. The Courier says: "The church is much encouraged with the work. With a new church, a new parsonage, and a new pastor like Mr. Patterson to direct matters, it will undoubtedly meet with great success." At the annual meeting the church voted to extend an invitation to the General Association to meet in Petaluma in 1902.

Meeting of the Bay Association.

One of the loveliest days of the early fall gathered together the pastors and delegates of this Association at the Fruitvale church, Tuesday, September 10th.

This is one of the youngest churches in the Association, having been organized so recently as 1895. Yet it has an earnest force of workers. The Ladies' Guild numbers over one hundred and the membership of the church is rapidly growing. The Association was entertained with abundant hospitality, and all of us were glad to see the cozy, attractive, little church, where this good work is being done by Pastor Mowbray and his helpers. Over the chancel are these words, quoted from the litany:

"From Pride, Vain-Glory, and Hypocrisy,
From Envy, Hatred and Malice,
And all Uncharitableness,
Good Lord, Deliver us."

Just over the pulpit was suspended a crown of thorns, recently brought from Jerusalem by Mrs. Farnam, and

below that a model of a white dove, emblem of the Comforter. These objects, with framed pictures of "Christ in the Temple" and "The Nativity," and floral decorations, gave the church a very homelike and hospitable appearance.

The theme of the meeting was "The Progress of the Kingdom," with subdivisions of "Progress in Our Association," "Progress in Allied Organizations," "Progress Abroad," "Ways and Means of Progress."

Under the first head we listened to reports of fourteen out of our twenty churches. The note of hope and encouragement was heard in nearly every report. Berkeley First is happy in its renovated building; Oakland First reported 139 new members received during the year, 79 of them on confession of faith; Fruitvale has made progress in every department of the work. These are samples.

We heard echoes from three great conventions of bodies organized to help in Christian work. Secretary H. J. McCoy gave an account of the Y. M. C. A. Jubilee in Boston last June; Mr. L. S. Rodgers of Berkeley spoke of the State C. E. Convention at Santa Ana; and Rev. C. R. Brown told us of the Diamond Jubilee of the Home Missionary Society.

In the discussion of "Ways and Means of Progress," led by the Moderator, Rev. J. W. Phillips, the Christian training of the young was specially emphasized.

Rev. Walter Frear led a service of prayer for the kingdom in which we were led close to the throne of grace, and following this came the communion service, conducted by Rev. H. E. Jewett and Rev. F. F. Pearse.

In the evening Mrs. Chas. W. Farnam gave us a very interesting account of her recent visit to mission stations in Cairo, Jerusalem, Beyrout, Constantinople and other places.

Special music was furnished by the choir of the church in the evening. During one of these selections a lamp exploded just behind the singers and there was general alarm until the flames were extinguished. Fortunately, no one was seriously injured, so far as we know, and the damage to the church was but slight.

The Ladies' Guild served a supper to all the attendants in the Masonic Hall, and this feature was a success in every respect. So was the entire meeting, the fire excepted. Our next meeting will be held with the Plymouth Avenue church, Oakland, in December.

Edson D. Hale, Registrar.

Washington Letter.

By I. Learned.

Some eight or nine years since, as an outgrowth of a Sunday-school previously organized, a Congregational church of fifteen members was gathered at Sunnyside, about forty miles east of North Yakima, and was cared for a few months by Superintendent Greene of the Sunday-school Society. Later, and for more than a year, they had the service of a regular pastor. During this time a Methodist church was also organized, with a much larger membership. The financial reverses soon following, many of the settlers removed, and our church was left with only three families and six members. During the past three years there has come an immigration very largely Christian, but, as might be supposed, of varied denominational affiliation. Out of these there have been formed, in addition to the two previously mentioned, an Episcopalian, Presbyterian, Disciple or Christian, and two Dunkard churches in a population, within three miles, of perhaps a thousand, and have used until recent-

ly the schoolhouse as the common place of worship. The Episcopalian and the so-called Conservative Dunkards have each erected their own buildings, and yet compose but a minor fraction of the church population.

Since the beginning of the present year the remaining organized churches have entered into an incorporated federation for the erection of a church building and the maintenance of public worship. This contract is to continue for a period of five years, at the end of which time any party to the contract has the privilege of selling its own or buying the interest of others. The financial interest of each denomination in the building and property determines its share of the time in the use it may claim to the pulpit.

The Progressive Dunkards have at present the larger expenditure, and have one or more ministers as members of their church, while the Methodists, Baptists and Congregationalists have, about equally proportioned, the remaining interest.

The services in connection with the opening of the new church began on Saturday evening, and were conducted by Rev. Samuel Greene of Seattle, the sermon being preached by Rev. Rosine M. Edwards. On the Sabbath the services were in charge of Rev. S. J. Harrison of the Dunkard church, our Supt. W. W. Scudder, Jr., preaching the dedication sermon. Rev. F. L. Hayden officiated at the successful effort to cancel the debt of \$700. An Advisory Committee consisting of one from each of the six denominations controls the conduct of worship during the period of the contract, and to them was formally presented the pulpit Bible, and to the trustees the keys of the building, in an address by Rev. S. L. Hayden of the North Yakima Presbyterian church.

Each church expects to retain its own organization within the federated body, and they all, seeming to think that Congregationalists, by their experience, ought to understand the management of the larger body, have found their president, secretary and treasurer among our people.

This association, in the form it has taken, is somewhat unique and quite an experiment, but the possibilities of friction have been so well provided against in their articles of agreement, that harmony is reasonably well assured during the five years. None seem to be more enthusiastic for its success than the members of some of the organizations which usually are more rigidly governed. Should time indicate the wisdom of this federated idea it would be much better than to have a half-dozen churches, with each a separate building, and as many ministers dependent upon outside aid for support, in the maintenance of a technical Gospel.

Seattle, Sept. 14th.

Inland Empire Letter.

By Iorwerth.

The German Congregational church dedicated at Ritzville on the 1st of September is a beautiful structure, costing \$6,000. It has a seating capacity for about 500 people. Dr. Everz, Superintendent of German work, delivered the principal address. Other addresses were delivered by Rev. G. Scheuerle, the pastor, Rev. F. E. Whitham, pastor First Congregational church, and Mr. John A. Scheuerle, a recent graduate of Oberlin College. The work among the Germans in Ritzville and the vicinity has been a great success, the churches having shared in the prosperity of the country.

Whitman College opened on the 10th, under favorable circumstances and with promise of a greatly in-

creased number of students. The opening address was delivered by Hon. W. L. Jones, member of Congress from Washington. Mr. Jones is a Christian man and was once a college professor.

The federated church of Sunnyside was dedicated on Sunday the 8th. Rev. W. W. Scudder preached the sermon. Rev. Rosine M. Edwards, principal of Woodcock Academy, participated.

Eells Academy, Colville, will open on the 17th. Principal J. W. Dow will be assisted by Prof. H. Rodie, a teacher of experience. Provision will be made for the students to board all together at the lowest possible rates, under the direction of Mrs. Dow.

Rev. Edmund Owens of Mullan reports the organization of a Ladies' Aid Society and Christian Endeavor Society.

Rev. H. C. Mason, of Pullman, Rev. H. E. Mason of Medical Lake, Rev. F. C. Krause of Hillyard, Rev. H. P. James of Colfax, have all returned to their fields from their camping grounds.

General Association.

The forty-fifth session will be held in the First Congregational church of Oakland, beginning on Tuesday, Oct. 1st, at 2 p. m. The opening devotional service will be led by Rev. H. E. Banham of Cloverdale. The address of welcome will be given by Rev. C. R. Brown, with response by the Moderator. The remainder of the afternoon will be devoted to business. Tuesday evening, at 7:30, the opening praise service will be led by Rev. H. F. Burgess of Auburn. The Associational sermon will be given by Rev. Griffith Griffiths of Eureka, after which there will be communion service, led by Rev. Wm. Windsor of Campbell and Rev. W. C. Day of San Francisco.

The Devotional service at 8:30 Wednesday morning will be led by Rev. A. E. Johnson of Haywards. One half-hour—from 9 to 9:30—will be devoted to business. Then will come "Narrative of the Churches," by Rev. J. H. Goodell of Oakland. Rev. G. B. Hatch of Berkeley will read a paper on the "Seriousness of the Church's Present Situation." "The Prayer Meeting" will be considered "From the Minister's Standpoint," by Rev. R. C. Brooks of Oakland, and "From the Layman's Standpoint," by Mr. Stuart Elliott of San Francisco.

Wednesday afternoon the devotional service will be led by Rev. R. B. Cherington of Kenwood. That afternoon the interests of the Congregational Church Building Society, the Congregational Sunday-school and Publishing Society and "The Pacific" will be presented. Under "Foreign Missions" the Rev. B. M. Palmer of Benicia will speak concerning "Forward Movements in Other Denominations," Mr. R. H. Chamberlain of Oakland on "Our Own Forward Movement." There will be a report by Rev. Walter Frear. Mrs. A. P. Peck will speak concerning the "Woman's Board of the Pacific," and there will be addresses by missionaries.

Wednesday evening's praise service will be led by Rev. H. H. Cole and that afternoon will be devoted to the work of the California Home Missionary Society and Woman's Home Missionary Union.

Thursday morning's devotional service will be led by Rev. M. J. Luark of Murphys. The annual business meeting of the California Home Missionary Society will be held. There will be papers and discussions concerning "Church Federation"—"The History of the Movement," by Rev. S. C. Patterson of Petaluma; "Its Practical Workings," by Rev. J. R. Knodell of Santa Cruz;

followed by report of the trustees of the Ministerial Relief Society.

Thursday afternoon's devotions will be led by Rev. W. H. Cook of Sunol Glen. Subject for the afternoon will be "The Movement for Better Religious Instruction." Rev. C. G. Baldwin of Palo Alto will consider "The Need of It"; Rev. H. M. Tenney of San Jose, "What is Being Done and Projected." At 4 p. m. there will be adjournment to Pacific Theological Seminary at Berkeley, for an inspection of the seminary, and dinner will be served in the First church of Berkeley; there will be after-dinner speeches, with Rev. J. K. McLean as toast-master.

Thursday evening's praise service will be led by Rev. S. R. Yarrow of Rocklin. Subject for the evening, "The New Evangelism." "Religious Experience Under It" will be considered by Rev. C. D. Milliken of Cupertino; "Preaching Under It," by some one yet to be selected; "Church Membership Under It," by Rev. G. C. Adams of San Francisco.

Devotional service will be led Friday morning by Rev. B. D. Naylor of Grass Valley. Reports concerning the Pacific Theological Seminary. Professor F. H. Foster will speak concerning "The Person of Christ in Current Religious Thinking." Closing devotional service will be led by the Moderator at 11:30, and final adjournment made at 12.

By vote of the Association, pastors are requested to remember in prayer, at the public services of Sunday, Sept. 29th, the approaching session of the General Association.

The Lake Under London.

To London, as to almost every large city, the question of a water-supply has been a serious problem. Londoners now see a way to solve it. The engineer of the County Council has informed that body, says the "Golden Penny," that underlying London is an immense lake, in a chalk basin twenty-five hundred square miles in extent. The annual rainfall that sinks to this lake, one hundred feet below the surface of the ground, amounts to two hundred and eighty thousand million gallons, which would give a daily yield of seven hundred and sixty-seven million gallons. An artesian well has already tapped the lake at Clapham, and it is pointed out that all that is necessary to ensure a water-supply is to sink a sufficient number of wells. The wonder is that London should have existed for more than two thousand years and never discovered that the great lake was beneath it.—Selected.

The Church paper is an enlightener and helper. Those who take it know what is going on in the ecclesiastical world and are more prompt to help the pastor in his work and to take hold of Christian enterprises with spirit and intelligence. It pays pastors to put the denominational newspaper into their congregations. It also redounds to the advancement of Christ's Kingdom at home and abroad.—The Presbyterian.

The apprentice system is being revived in the Baldwin Locomotive Works. The boys will be given opportunity to learn how to build an entire locomotive instead of only a part of one. After a few years it is expected that the works will turn out a thousand skilled workmen every year.

"One sin leads on to another by a law as relentless as the law of gravitation."

Our Boys and Girls.

Wouldn't Say "Please."

There was once a small child who would never say "please," I believe, if you even went down on your knees. But, her arms on the table, would sit at her ease, And call out to her mother in words such as these: "I want some potatoes!" "Give me some peas!" "Hand me the butter!" "Cut me some cheese!" So the fairies, this very rude daughter to tease, Once blew her away in a powerful breeze, Over the mountains and over the seas, To a valley, where never a dinner she sees, But down with the ants, the wasps and the bees, In the woods she must live till she learns to say "please."
—Selected.

John's References.

John was fifteen years old when he applied for a place in the office of a well-known lawyer who had advertised for a boy, but he had no reference. "I am afraid I will stand a poor chance," he thought, "but I will try."

The lawyer glanced him over from head to foot. "A good face," he thought, "and pleasant ways." Then he noted the new suit—but other boys had appeared in new clothes—saw the well-brushed hair and clean-looking skin. Very well, but there had been others here quite as cleanly; another glance showed the finger-nails free from soil.

"Ah! That looks like thoughtfulness," thought the lawyer.

Then he asked a few direct, rapid questions, which John answered as directly.

"Prompt," was the lawyer's thought; "he can speak up when necessary. 'Let me see your writing,'" he added, aloud.

John took the pen and wrote his name.

"Very well; easy to read and no flourishes. Now, what references have you?"

The dreaded question at last. John's face fell. He began to feel some hope of success, but this dashed it.

"I have not any," he said, slowly; "I'm almost a stranger in the city."

"Can't take a boy without reference," was the rejoinder, and as he spoke a sudden thought sent a flush to John's cheek.

"I have no references," he said, with hesitation, "but here is a letter from mother I just received."

The lawyer took it. It was a short letter:

"My Dear John:—I want to remind you that whenever you get work you must consider that work your own. Don't go into it, as some boys do, with the feeling that you will do as little as you can, and get something better soon; but make up your mind you will do as much as possible and make yourself so necessary to your employer that he will never let you go! You have been a good son to me. Be as good in business and I am sure God will bless your efforts."

"H'm," said the lawyer, reading it over a second time. "That is pretty good advice, John—excellent advice! I rather think I'll try you, even without reference."

John has been with him six years and last spring was admitted to the bar.

"Do you intend to take the young man into partnership?" asked a friend, lately.

"Yes, I do; I could not get along without John."

And John always says the best reference he ever had was mother's good advice and honest praise.—Well-spring.

In 1855 I cut from my favorite "Youth's Cabinet," the chief juvenile paper of the day, a temperance pledge, and pasting it in our family Bible, insisted on its being signed by every member of the family—parents, brother, sister and self. It is still there, thus signed, and represents the first bit of temperance work I ever did.

There never was a busier girl than I, and what I did was most useful. I knew all the carpenter's tools and handled them; made carts and sleds, cross-guns and whip-handles; indeed, all the toys that were used at Forest Home we children manufactured.

With memories stored full of sunshiny days, in which were merry games, strolls through the woods and over the prairies, rides in the field, work in the garden, I count childhood a sweet and blessed season.—The Union Signal.

Some of Miss Willard's Childhood Memories.

I delighted, as a child, to be stretched out upon the grass looking up into the blue sky, and thinking my thoughts. Sometimes I would reach out my hand appealingly to heaven and say to my sister, "See there! could you resist a hand that so much wanted to clasp your own? Of course you couldn't, and God cannot, either. I believe that, though I do not see, he reaches down to me." And loving, trusting Mary replied, "I know he does, for mother said so."

Mother talked to us so much about America that from earliest recollection we spelled nation with a capital N. To us our native land was a cherishing mother, like our own in gentleness and strength, only having so many more children, grateful and glad, under her thoughtful care. We loved to give her praise, and half believed that sometimes, when we grew big enough and got out into the wide, wide world, we should find her and kneel to offer her our loving service and to ask her blessing.

Wouldn't Be Cheated.

A gentleman has a bright little boy who behaves for all the world like other children, which, in a child, is a virtue, not a vice. The other afternoon he played so hard that he fell asleep, and was put to bed without his supper.

The next morning Harry got up very much refreshed by his long rest, and came down to his breakfast as smiling and happy as could be.

"You were a very good boy last night, Harry," said a lady, "You went to bed without your supper."

Harry looked at her for a moment in painful surprise, and then all of a sudden his face clouded, and he asked his nurse:

"Did I go to sleep without my supper last night?"

"Yes," said the nurse.

"Well," said he, between his tears, "I want my last night's supper now."

And he had it.—Exchange.

It is not enough to have the love and do the duty in silence. We live not by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of those we love. Out of the mouth—it is the love that feeds. It is the kindness offered that furnishes the house.—W. C. Gannett.

The railroads today employ as many men as America contained in 1800—900,000.

The Home.

"Kept."

I Peter i: 8.

Heavenly Father, keep me,
Just for today;
Sun and Shield, be near me,
Just for today;
All the power is Thine,
All the weakness mine;
Give me strength Divine,
Just for today;
Gentle Savior, keep me,
Just for today;
Let not Satan tempt me
From Thee to stray;
All the sin is mine,
All the grace is Thine;
Grant me power divine,
Just for today;
Holy Spirit, keep me,
Just for today;
Comfort, guide and teach me
In Thy blest way,
To forget is mine,
To remind is Thine;
Just for today;
Give me help Divine,
Just for today;
Father, Son and Spirit,
Keep me today;
Sinful, weak and helpless,
On Thee I stay;
Clasp Thy hand in mine,
Keep my step with Thine,
Fullness give Divine,
Just for today;

—Selected.

Summer Weather.

Like the flat-iron and the water-bottle, our old earth stores up heat which it gradually "gives out," or radiates. This physical law bears an important relation to our July discomforts. We might expect that the hottest weather would come about June 21st, when, in this northern hemisphere, the direct rays of the sun fall upon us for the longest time each day.

But it is as when we warm our hands before a hot fire. We do not find the heat too great until there is an accumulation of heat. In the early summer the earth is receiving more heat than can be dissipated into the air, and the effect is felt two or three weeks later. The period from July 10th to the 20th is the hottest, on the average, of any ten days in the year.

Correspondingly, the middle third of January is usually the coldest, in accordance with the old adage, "When the days begin to lengthen, then the cold begins to strengthen."

For like reasons the hottest part of the day is that about two o'clock, instead of at noon. At the Weather Bureau in Washington the maximum temperature during the recent hot wave was not reached one afternoon till half-past five; but this was very exceptional.

The ocean heats up rather more slowly than the land, as all seashore bathers realize. So the parts of the country especially under ocean influence exhibit this effect of heat accumulation more than do the interior regions. There is a great difference, too, between city and country in this respect; grass and foliage are wonderful radiators of heat, while brick walls and pavements hold it with painful persistency.

August, contrary to all general impressions, is but slightly hotter, measured in mercury readings, than June.

The later summer months are much more uncomfortable than the earlier ones, however, on account of their greater humidity.—Youth's Companion.

How Wealth Is Increased.

When John D. Rockefeller modestly told his son's Bible class that the corporation of which he is the head had paid out \$700,000,000 in wages, he did no more than echo what Abram S. Hewitt once told an audience of workingmen. Mr. Hewitt's theme was that no man can amass great wealth by the aid of any industry or any invention without increasing the wealth of the world in far greater proportion than his own was increased. He illustrated that by speaking of Sir Henry Bessemer as one of the greatest of philanthropists. For Bessemer's process brought him about \$20,000,000, but it increased the wealth of the world, according to Mr. Hewitt's estimate, by as much as \$1,000,000,000, and almost every person, at least, in the civilized world, was directly or indirectly benefited thereby.

Edison once made a computation that his incandescent lamp supported 1,000,000 persons and increased the capital of the world by nearly \$500,000,000, although his own share in that invention was only a little over \$3,000,000. So, too, the inventions of Westinghouse, of Bell, have probably increased the wealth of the world by as much as \$1,000,000,000, and the two corporations, one identified by Westinghouse's name and the other, of which Mr. Coffin is the head, are paying several millions every year, the proportionate wages each one receives from this payment being very high.

Gleanings.

"A load of sorrow doesn't wear one so much as a swarm of annoyance."

Honest bread is very well; it is butter that makes the temptation.—Douglas Jerrold.

Thy friend hath a friend, and that friend hath a friend; wherefore be discreet.—Talmud.

Thou art not come into this world to choose out its pleasanter places, but to dwell in those where thou wast born, and whereof thou wast appointed to be a citizen.—Epictetus.

Crowns of glory ain't wore in this world, but it's my 'pinion that them that does the hard jobs here will stand a good chance of havin' extra bright ones when they get through.—Louisa M. Alcott.

He who is faithful over a few things is a lord of cities. It does not matter whether you preach in Westminster Abbey, or teach a ragged class, so you be faithful—the faithfulness is all.—George Macdonald.

Mountain Mint.

It grew where ground was hard and dry;
It grew when days were long;
It grew where much beneath the sky
Seemed hardly worth a "song!"

But, best of all, though hard to reach,
It grew where ground was high,
And thankfulness the toil did teach,
It grew so near the sky.

It grew where grow things best to gain,
Things reached by strain and stint;
'Tis where the toil seems almost vain
We find our "Mountain Mint!"

—Mary V. Littell.

ROYAL

BAKING POWDER

Makes delicious hot biscuit,
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IS THE CHURCH CHRISTIAN?

If by this is meant, Are there earnest Christian souls in the church, and hosts of them, seeking to follow the Master according to their light, no one can fail to answer, Yes. If by the question, however, is meant, Is the church, as an organization, Christly, possessed of the spirit of Christ and following the teachings of Christ, and organized upon the principles of Christ? then I am afraid the answer must be, No. The teachers of the church, for the most part, are far from following the teachings of Jesus. Nay, they are far from recognizing what those teachings are. The organization of the church is planned and patterned upon a policy which is the very antithesis of a true society of Jesus. Commercialism dominates the organization, and conventional-ity tyrannizes the pulpit. The law of the market, rather than the law of the mount, is accepted by the church at large. Our Protestant churches are composed, for the most part, of a constituency drawn from the well-to-do classes, and they see nothing essentially unsound or unethical in the economic system of the day. The pulpit, therefore, is rarely free to deliver its soul, if it has one, upon the burning questions of our generation. Blind leaders of the blind, both seem hastening to fall into the ditch which lies before our civilization! And yet, within the Christian church, is the very ideal that the world hungers for, the very law that it needs to apply to its economic

problems, the very power to solve these problems. Infinitely pathetic the situation! Yours sincerely.—R. Heber Newton, All-Souls' Rectory, New York.

RELIGION IN HIGH PLACES.

In a store in Cheapside, London, a few days after the great day of Queen Victoria's Diamond Jubilee, a gentleman said to the writer, "Did you see the look in the Queen's face on the day of the procession?" Then he added softly: "It was a look that came from an inner peace and serenity. It could come from no other source."

Yes, the writer saw the look. Before leaving Buckingham Palace that morning, the Queen had said: "From my heart I thank my beloved people. May God bless them!" Then under the shadow of St. Paul's, she and the representatives of the English nation were for a half-hour in reverential attitude before the King of kings and Lord or lords.

The ceremonies connected with the Jubilee were preceded and accompanied everywhere by devotional services to a degree that is scarcely ever seen in this country in connection with any public state services whatsoever. Let it be said without hesitation.

Far above all external pomp and pride of national life is the inner peace which should prevail beneath all superficial agitations, in the souls of those who stand on the high places of representation and power.—The Morning Star.

RULE OUT THE CIGARETTE.

Governor Bliss of Michigan, who has made a study of the cigarette, has come to the conclusion that the State owes it to the boys to protect them from the insidiousness of the cigarette. In his inaugural Governor Bliss said:

"Firmly believing that the growing use of cigarettes is a menace to the youth of Michigan, I call attention of the legislature to the evil, and advise the most stringent legislation possible, in order that the sale of cigarettes may be discouraged, if not prohibited."

AN ABOMINABLE HABIT.

The Roman Catholic Order of Foresters has taken up a wise reform. The body proposes to pledge its members against the pernicious habit of "treating." That is a vital temperance movement. If this prohibition could be universally enforced it would go a long way toward that other prohibition for which we have prayed so long. God bless the Roman Catholic temperance leaders in their sensible campaign against that big snare of the devil, the treating system!

When I stand by the body of a man who has died, the question is not, How much money has he left? but, What character has he left? Character and character only is the thing which is eternally powerful in this world. Character is the divinest thing on earth.—Phillips Brooks.

No man ever did or ever can become truly eloquent without being a constant reader of the Bible, and an admirer of its purity and sublimity.—Fisher Ames.

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rheumatism is a painful malady, interfering alike with pleasure and business.

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"I had been troubled with rheumatism for twelve years, so bad at times I could not leave my bed," writes Mr. R. J. McKnight, of Cades, Williamsburg Co., S. C. "I was badly crippled. Tried many doctors and two of them gave me up to die. None of them did me much good. The pains in my back, hips and legs (and at times in my head), would nearly kill me. My appetite was very bad. Everybody who saw me said I must die. I took five bottles of the 'Golden Medical Discovery' and four vials of 'Pellets,' and to-day my health is good after suffering twelve years with rheumatism."

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"Zion's Herald" says: "One of the marvels of the ministry of some who consider themselves preachers of the gospel is that they are content to drift along year after year with never a convert, never a penitent, never a real effort for the awakening and salvation of the people. The preacher ought to be a Great Heart such as Bunyan shows us in his immortal allegory. No preacher can sustain this role unless he is himself filled with the Spirit and has a personal experience that lifts him up out of the re-

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gion of doubts and fears into the realm of joyful, all-conquering faith."

A new prospectus of the Young Men's Christian Association has just been issued giving full and complete information relative to the work of the great institution, including the night school for men, gymnasium and other branches. Copies furnished free to young men on application by letter or in person at the Association Building.

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